

The Founders' Four-Folder



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**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.**

Of The Founders Four Folder, published ten months of each year, at Mt. Morris, Ill.,
for October 1, 1925.

State of Illinois }
County of Cook } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared P. G. Orwig, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of The Founders Four Folder and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The American Youth Foundation, 130 North Wells Street, Chicago; Editor, P. G. Orwig; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The American Youth Foundation (Non profit Religious Organization), 130 North Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is, 1,200 copies. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

P. G. ORWIG.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of October, 1925.

AMY M. GUSTAFSON,
Notary Public.

(Seal.)

(My commission expires April 24, 1929.)

The Founders Four-Folder

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OCTOBER, 1925



PEOPLES everywhere are getting ready for the move ahead. Forward is the signal of the day. Public thought senses the big things for which the word prosperity has meant in past days. Everybody seems on tip-toes for a new start or a good race or are at the mark expectant.

The French and other nations seek the funding of their obligations, based on their estimates of national progress. Colleges and Universities are beckoning to their friends for great financial resources to meet new educational needs. Capital is finding new schemes for material advancement. Science is whispering about new discoveries, greater inventions. The whole world seems set for a sprint forward.

Under these conditions, Founders may not lag. The Founder spirit, keen and alert, is always the first to see the dawn and to welcome the sun-up. It couldn't be otherwise for the Founder mind sees always the on-going purposes of Him, who said "Lift up your Eyes." The Founder spirit sees the Jesus Way and the big job of putting the feet of the Youth of the world upon it. The spiritual must pace the material in our present world-wide expectancy. The Founder, in whatever place, must lead.

"Got any rivers they say are un-crossable?

Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?

We specialize in the wholly impossible

Doing what nobody ever could do!"

—J. L. A.

Unforgettable Remembrances

*Chronicles of The American Youth Foundation Camp-Conferences
of the Summer of 1925*

BY FOUNDER WRITERS

IT ISN'T what you remember that does you any good, it is the thing you can't forget.

Perhaps it is a sunset, or the glimpse of a face, or the touch of a hand, or a helpful act, or a kind word, or a heart-moving scene, or any one of a hundred things, emotions or appreciations—but you do not have to will to remember. It rides on the foremost wave of the tide of consciousness.

Such an experience Miniwanca—Merrowvista moves in the realm of our mental and spiritual possessions!

Unforgettable Remembrances of the Summer of 1925
Miniwanca, —“Big Waters”!
Take another look at the covers of this issue of “The Founders Four-Folder”

Miniwanca rightly bears the Indian name, “Big Waters.”

My outstanding remembrance is the “bigness” of everything,—the vast expanse of water losing itself in the far horizon, the unusually wide beach rising almost abruptly into gigantic wooded dunes, the seemingly limitless outreach of the view from Old Baldy, and measuring up to Nature's lofty example is the camp that nestles amid these surroundings.

Minisino's slogan “So Big” might be applied to every phase of camp life. The dreams and ambitions of the leaders,—“So Big,” the spirit of the campers,—“So Big,” the classes in leadership, fourfold life. Bible, Christian living and the out-of-doors,—“So Big,” the keen pleasure of the girls in tribal games and in aquatics,—“So Big,” the fun and mystery of the nights' doings,—“So Big,” and greatest of all, the vision of the future with a hundred thousand Founders,—“So Big.” Camp asks us how big are our lives?—“So Big.” We are left to supply the dimensions of “So Big.”

The appeal was “big” enough to draw campers from 28 states, and it even reached across the border into Canada, our sister country—high school girls, college girls, office girls, shop girls, home girls, girls in every phase of worth while endeavor. They came with the one “big” purpose of fitting themselves to live the Jesus Way in their every contact of life.

The “bigness” of the spirit of the girls can never be measured. Scores of girls brought together for a common purpose spurred each other on toward a common goal. A feeling of companionship and comradeship inspired each girl to do her best. Acquaintance ripened into friendship—friendship, one of the “biggest” things in life.

The program of our camp is “bigger” than that of any other training camp for Young People in the field of Religious Education. For graduation it requires one hundred more hours than does any other such camp. The



and vision the stretch of Lake Michigan from Arbor Vitae Heights. Miss Lillian Thoele has made us her debtor in reproducing for us in black and white this splendid memory. Then imagine again you, yourself, standing on

the top of our Vesper Dune and looking far over the tree-tops landward to beautiful Stony Lake, the eastern boundary of our camp property. Glimpse again the sinuous, meandering, swift-flowing, little river that joins the lakes and shuts us in from the outside, noisy world. By its curving banks the Pottawatomie Trail, leaf-bowered and leaf-carpeted with the glint of sunshine and blue sky peering thru, winds its way to the Eating Lodge, Sunset-View Lodge and the Tent Bays, our Tribal Villages. All around are trees and sand and shrubs and memories that beget new thoughts and rekindle old purposes.

The last Monday in June lies at Camp bathed in sunshine. Under the shadows of khaki-brown, specially-built tents in the Susquehanna Bay lie rolls of bed-clothes, suit-cases and packages in alphabetically-ordered array. Within the North-End of the Eating Lodge, the Registrar, Banker and Clerks sit each at their own tables. Everywhere, in the facial expressions of the camp officials, in the air and all about there is a hint of expectancy. The scene is laid waiting for the entrance of the actors.

Suddenly, out of the stillness, comes the simultaneous crunch of wheels on the new gravel road and the pattering of feet on the Pottawatomie Trail, to the accom-

teachers are all "big" factors in their particular fields. Their enthusiasm in the leadership of youth sends forth every Founder-camper filled with the "bigness" and wonder of it all besides a store of information.

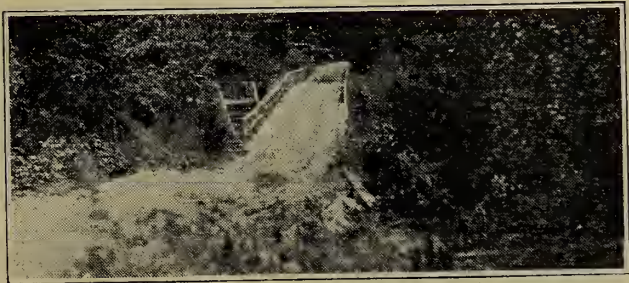
*"Folks may think me foolish,
But little do I care,
For I'm in love with Miniwanca,
And I tell it everywhere."*
—MIRIAM REEVE WAITE (Midge)

When I went to Camp Merrowvista this year, I had the feeling that no place could be as well fitted for leadership training as Lake Winnepesaukee. I knew what the leaders were going to be like, but I was afraid that something was going to be lacking. At the end of camp I thought that God must have made just such a place as Camp Merrowvista for us.

As I sit here thinking of camp, there are a great many pictures that come to my mind. One of the most prominent pictures in my mind is that of Hillside. It is growing dark, and the sun has just gone down behind the mountains. We sing a few songs, and have our prayer in the Founder way. By this time it is getting quite dark, and the stars are beginning to shine. Now one of the leaders gives us one of those wonderful talks that challenge us in so many ways. While we are listening to him, we are also watching those great mountains, the handiwork of God. Now we see a little star, and as we watch, it drops lower and lower until it disappears behind the mountains.

There are many more pictures that come to my mind, such as our gatherings around the Council Circle, and of the fun we had there, and our group meeting, when we find out all about our tent mates. Another picture that impressed me very much was that of The Ossipee's last meeting. It was near the end of camp, and we knew that we could never meet again as Ossipees. We also realized that after we had graduated we would never be able to come back to camp as campers.

In the last four years, the camps that I have



paniment of wondering shouts. "Look at the way the tents are built about the ridges"; "Gee, eye the diamond down there among the tents"; "Oh! boy, there's good old Michigan"; "Say, fellows, here's some building"; "Oh, hello gang"; "How's Wadjepi"; "Where's Kinji"; "Gosh, I'm glad we're here"; "Some trip, I'll tell the world"; "Hey, where do I go," and the actors enter. The camp enrollment is on! The brown khaki tents bustle into life and the far spaces of the most unique camp in North America fling back and forth the echoes of good-natured bantering and whole-hearted, joyous activity.

The second Monday of July reenacts the same scene, only feminine voices make it more musical and When the it more musical and Girls feminine dresses give Came it more color. The same, happy, tensely - interested excitement and wholesome bubbling over of youth on the great quest stirs the trees, chases away the shadows and rekindles life among the dunes. Thank God for American Youth at its best! Such scenes offset and promise relief

attended are like four street lights. The first is dim, the second a little brighter, the third still brighter, and the fourth the brightest of all. The distance between these lights diminishes so that between the first and second, there is quite a stretch of darkness, but between the third and fourth there is no darkness at all, just a little dusk. Passing under each street light is like going to camp, and each stretch of darkness means that I have not quite lived up to the Jesus Way of living.

The memory of our leaders will always be very dear to me. Everyone of them has challenged me in some way, either by their lives or the things they have done.

—HARLAND G. HOOGEBOOM,
President Ossipees.

Remembrances of Merrowvista! How they throng about my head as I think back over the two weeks of camp. The inspiration of those days is strong within me as I picture myself standing before Headquarters and looking down on the two circles of tents, the lake beyond, and farther away, the hills meeting the blue sky. And, turning a little, I see Assembly with its cross over the door pointing ever upward toward the mountains; then the Eating Lodge—and I smile as I think of the singing, stunts, and hilarity of every meal. There is Wajepi taking movies, and Kinji explaining some new plan for the future, to a small group of interested girls. There goes Dad with a rake over his shoulder to finish up the high jump for the meet and Kicica standing over there thinking of what has to be done next.

The bell clangs and we all go to class. I look back with pleasure at the simple, informal, daily lectures given by the leaders on the porch or in the shade of the trees in the orchard. How easy it seemed to go back home and practice all that we learned. But here we are, far away from there, with that perfect life left behind and coming to us only as a memory.

from the tawdry, risque and somewhat pitiful adolescent efforts of today.

The days that followed were richly-laden and fleetly-winged. Fourteen, full, twenty-four hour days! The manner of their passing has been written in experience, training and service-hunger into a thousand hearts and lives. Churches and communities, unknow-



ingly, are to be blest because of these days throughout the year. Their content, also, will give zest and purpose with zeal to school and college. The business world will feel their throb. The home will be happier because of them.

Twenty well-planned courses of study, with twice that many classes under a University-trained faculty and leadership. And how these classes met! Our outdoor class rooms were both our joy and despair. The porches, shadows, tent bays, tents and leafy nooks—all became palaces of learning and doing. They set the style for the new Class-Houses of the future for both Miniwanca and Merrowvista. The need made the discovery, but teachers such as Kodaya, Canwicasa, Wahoda, Waon, Kicica, Sheboygo, Yutitan, Wadjepi, Kicua, and the others could convert anything into a classroom. Personality was at its best under the challenge of new surroundings in a newly built camp. The academic grading and mental standard as represented by the notebooks made a new high mark this last summer.

The raise from a seventy to a seventy-five per cent average is the evidence and 75.4 was the lowest grade made and only a few instances under eighty.

"Horace" and "Hobe," "Saxie" and "Si"—what a team of Athletic and Aquatic Directors. Here, too, history was made and

It seems harder now to keep that smiling face and pleasant disposition which came without effort in camp. And, since we are away, we can remember to smile by knowing that the christian life is just the friendly life, the life in which we try to make others happy by being our own best selves and giving always the friendly hand and smile.

What fun we had in the night's doings! Out in the woods listening for the noise of footsteps or trying to steal forward toward the lantern, in the "Pirate and Miser" game; or hunting for Dad in the woods; or listening in rapt attention to Wajepi's and Minisino's hair-raising adventures; or getting acquainted in the new council circle, vying with each other in songs and stunts. Mystery and anticipation came each night at the thought of what we might do.

When I remember Hillside, I am somehow filled with peace, as I see us all sitting with our faces toward the West, watching the pink clouds take on deeper shades and the new moon and evening star sink behind the dark mountain in quiet comradeship. Hymns are sung with full hearts and prayers rise in deep reverence as we sit in the presence of the mountains each evening. We receive here the needed words of assurance and inspiration.

We might review the whole camp. It is needless; it stands out in our memories sharply—as a tall guide-post in our lives and as we look back upon it to determine our direction, we hear a group of loyal girls singing, "Merrowvista, thy name we hail!"

—ELEANOR RICHMOND,
President Franconianas.

I got into camp as lonely as could be
For none of the campers had been known by me.
My baggage was here and my blankets were
there

And tent 65 was—well somewhere!
But lonely not long in a bunch such as that
They all were so friendly, the thin and the fat
Tho teased a great deal the Freshies were given



Athletics and Aquatics New Standards set. The aquatic choice of big lake with surf bathing, inland lake with smooth swimming or river dips was like ordering a water

menu a-la-carte. The Meets, will you ever forget them? The Life-Saving Corps doubled itself. And then the athletic contests! Even the Soccer in the sand was a hilarious game. The tribal contests were closer this year than ever and the splendid trophies were won by a keener competition. The recreational phases of the camp curriculum were an integral part of the big game of making leaders.

In The Questionnaire Department The Find Yourself Department of the camp was never so good as this year. "Fletch" and "Dad," "Bonnie," "Edith," "Alice," and "Mary!" You have the photographers and the photograph they gave you will be chart and compass for the year ahead. "Mighty trees from a-corns grow," but they have to push up and reach up sunward and skyward. Little cups and big measures *in your case are living* and can grow in capacity,

A dandy good welcome as sure as you're livin'
And oh such a thrill to know all those girls
Who gave not "a hang" for primpin' or curls.
Not slow to get started this camp of fair lasses
And early next day we had our first classes.

Kodaya, Kicica, and Horace so grand
No finer we're sure in all of the land.

Just full of the things they wished us to know
And anxious to all the right way to show.

The six Indian Tribes no one could forget
And each, on her tribe her all would have bet.
The spirit of rivals but friendly ones too
Was ever around whatever we'd do.

A game on the Diamond with Dad calling
"strikes"

(And there is an umpire that everyone likes)
Or perhaps 'twas a meet to see who could track
Or maybe inspection, "ten minutes Cap'n Jack"—

And—whew—what a noise those six tribes
could make

If they all yelled at once the sand dunes would
shake.

But sing they could too in sweetest of tones
It sounded as good as ghostlies' groans.

When Kinji got weary of hearing no sound
Of autos and street cars and trucks all around
He gathered 'em all by the fire on the dune

And said "Won't cha please to sing me a tune?"
When the voices were cracked from yelling so
much

Kinji said "Who's stunts tonight if any are
such?"

And up they all hopped to show what they
knew

Or to show the Great Chief just what they
could do

Some would be silly, and some would be cute,
Some would say much, and some would be mute
A gypsy, a darkie or even a "chink"

Some made you laugh and some made you
blink.

But all was in fun and comradeship great
And everyone there was everyone's mate.

And it was so true that all through the camp

if the will to increase is yours. The no-letter camper of today is the gold-medal, headquarters' staff leader of tomorrow. The recipe is "increase in wisdom, stature and in favor with God and Man." There is no other way.



The close of day and the upward trail! Is it likely that the farlook and the uplift of the Hillside may soon pass? The hilltop of Arbor Vitae Height, at the end of the winding and steep trail and

Him! Did anyone ever
On The have a more wonder-
Hillside ous tryst at sunset?

Yonder is the "Shining Sea" with its ships. The Eagle casts a shadow as the steamer's whistle dully booms. The sun glows goldenly, "A path for him", and the glory of the after-glow colors and makes the evening sky an iridescence of unspeakable beauty. "Holy, Holy, Holy"! The music of twenty score voices rises to the lengthening shadows, split by the darting gleams of molten gold. The sand gleams dull with roseate hue. The dark silhouette of pine and trees of life impinge the background and above through strips of palest blue emerge the Moon and Evening Star. Below glows the shimmering lamps of the camp.

"Day is dying in the west,
 Heaven is touching Earth with rest,
 Come and worship, E'er the night
 Sets her evening lamps alight
 Thro'out the sky.
 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts,
 Heaven and Earth are praising thee,
 Heaven and Earth are praising thee,
 O Lord most high."

Up from the hillside ascends a camp's prayer in the Founder fashion and as the leader bares his heart, the setting lines on strong, young faces record the magic of the moment and the will to be throughout the days.

"Willy-wally-hoo." The whip-poor-

In weather so lovely or rainy and damp
 Confronted with oatmeal or nice boiled eggs
 Or maybe a chicken without many legs
 Or bade to get up when people should sleep
 And crawling in suits that lay in a wet heap
 'Twas ever the same, the pep was right there
 And all tried so hard to play the game square
 'Twas this wondrous spirit that all seemed
 feel

That made all our lives seem suddenly real.
 Miniwanca so true with standards so high
 The wealth of your love no money could buy.
 This came to us most when evening drew nigh.
 And a golden path cross the lake would lie
 As softly to the Heights we'd creep
 Into our hearts a love would seep
 And there beneath the open sky
 With starlets peeping out so high
 We knew that it was so worth while
 To follow the Gleam and ne'er the Grail
 defile

These leaders whom we learned to love so well
 Came closer, dearer as the shadows fell,
 And we must know how Great was He
 And how our lives like His must be.

—WINIFRED A. WARNER (*Bunny*),
President Dedicators.

Camp Merrowvista of 1925 is closed for the winter. Kicica has gone back to Boston. Kinji has returned to Chicago, the leaders to their places of work and the campers have returned to their friends. That great spirit has left Merrowvista temporarily and is being spread all over the world by an enthusiastic group of energetic broad-minded, jolly girls and boys who are living the four-fold life.

The life at Merrowvista especially impresses the freshman because there is nothing around him except mountains, fresh air, water and fine Christian fellows and men. One of the first impressions a frosh receives is the melodious clanging of the second bell of the day.



The Nights' Doings will can't compete with the liquid tones of the Susquehannas and has taken a night-refuge in the trees by the edge of Stony River. The Sand-Pit Council

with its singing and its yelling and its wrestling, wild-west massacres, oriental episodes and justice-dispensing dog-courts; brilliant fire, happy comradeship, gypsy joy, tribal pride, Indian ways, proud boasts and humble spirit,—the Sand Pit Council will it retell its story to the lapping of the waves? The Grand Council in Canwicasa's wood-nook! The song of the scullions; gold medal stuff! The treasure hunt and mystery ramble! The fires upon the beach! The climb up Baldy! The "Nights Doings" of two weeks!

Fun and Study and Play and Work! The Fellowship of Founders! The inspiration of The Jesus Way! The flash of eyes and the clasp of hands and the will to be and do! Minnawanca, thou art more than a memory—thou art unforgettable!

Merrowvista, compassed about with mountains like Jerusalem and like Mount Zion situated in the happy land of Canaan, thou, too, art unforgettable and incomparable.

This bell has perhaps, more meaning to some campers than to some others, but, it means this to most everyone; quickly roll out of the warm bed carefully and gently slip into a damp bathing suit, go out and visit Gilley who always seems anxious to greet us with a "Hurry up you fellows" then after a vigorous usage of all our muscles and after we have broken our knees, and after we were all perspiring with the cool morning fog, all Gilley had to do was to whisper Dip and there was a grand rush down Dad's lane, over rocks, around trees, over roots, etc., to the inviting dock where each one took a turn at breaking the ice. The second impression he received was that the water wasn't as cold as he had expected. On getting out he felt himself feeling like Wadjeppi acts.

These new freshmen, the future gold medal men, the pride of the camps, the "pace-makers," the future leaders also noticed that there was always something to do; each day's program was similar to that of the day before but never the same. Every day we had new lessons in our classes, each day we played a new team in a new game, each day we had new stunts at council circle, or a good game, instead of council fire. It was certainly a wonderful two weeks. Everything that was put on the program seemed to have been put there for the purpose of making us men and making us develop four fold lives.

Whenever we think of Camp Merrowvista of 1925 it brings many thoughts to our minds such as Waejeppi's ice cream announcements, Dad's noted log cabin and his very interesting classes. The night we played the besieged city, Polly's wild cat, Gillies double quartet of cracking knees, the duet given by Wadjeppi and Kodaya at council circle, Kicica's wonderful moon, the dog cops, the hike up the mountain and the encounter with a porcupine. All these events and pleasant memories flash through our mind and are gone but there is

Merrowvista! The middle pages of this issue of "The Founders Four-Folder" give some faint idea of the



Merrowvista wonderful setting of our New England Camp.
Dream of Sentinel, Danhole, Ossipee, Black Snout and the
Inyanite. lesser hills keep watch over our lake, which lies a

gem in a mountain-setting. Look where you will, you are rimmed in by the hills, covered with verdure in all the shades of green. Beach, poplar, tamarack, pine, hemlock and every variety of tree that may grow in a hardy clime cover the hills, while Danhole Lake likely the cone of an extinct volcanic crater, reflects back the beauty of sky and upland. Back up in the Glen are the Waterfalls that roar through Lost Brook and feed the lake and are our never-failing water supply. About our buildings the Eating Lodge, Club Assembly, Headquarters' House, The Hut and The Shack lie meadows and orchards in which the brown khaki tents nestle and the athletic contests are drawn.

On the Second Monday of August, the girls came. They came too in capacity number and the new camp was full to its limit and the making of traditions began. Unlike Miniwanca everything was ready for the coming but, like Miniwanca the class-houses were of the outdoor fashion. The story of these days would take a master pen to chronicle and the Founder Writers have recorded their impressions well. Class-work with its training objective.

one thing that stays in our minds forever and that is Hillside. There many girls and many boys have listened to talks which have shaped their characters and made them make decisions. Every evening we sat by the large rock on the side hill, facing the mountain and watched the stars go down, and thought of the day's activities. Here we sang and prayed and saw life from a different angle as the whippoorwill sang in the distance and resolved that we would be good men.

There was no one event in the day's program that gave us such a fine time at camp but it was a combination of them all, the connection with the fellows, the leaders, the cook and the natural surroundings. Everything tended toward giving us all the finest time in our lives and making us want to be our own selves, at our very best at all times.

—"Tenny" (Ten Eyck Brinckerhoff) \
President Pace-Makers.

On reconsidering and reviewing as from a distance the two weeks spent at Camp Miniwanca, I am again impressed, even more strongly now than at Camp, with the high quality of the environment surrounding and enveloping the two weeks spent on Lake Michigan. In those few days, it seems to me, a much clearer conception of my duty to humanity, my excuse for living, almost forced itself upon me under the influence of the camp leaders. I have thought a lot of such things since then.

A strong atmosphere was maintained at Camp inciting everyone to do and be his best and such an atmosphere appeals to the inherent spirit of progress and accomplishment that is so much a neglected part of the growth of boys and girls into young manhood and womanhood. High school and college can give this atmosphere to an extent by providing examples of great and good men learned about through reading and studying. However, young people



maintained the new, high, academic standard of Miniwanca and the discovery of Personality reached new limits. "The Hut," beloved by both boys and girls housed the Questionnaire, and in its chummy atmosphere by the fire-side both boy and girl adventured in the land of self. On the fourth Monday of August, the boys came.

The Club-Assembly with its stone fireplace was a feature not known to Miniwanca.

The old barn, which had stood for seventy-five years, hand-hewn, weather-beaten, rough and mellow had been remodeled into a handsome Club-Assembly-Chapel. Here, the two splendid classes, the Franconians and Ossipees were graduated. Here, the tribes met in time of rain or storm. Here the orchestras practiced and the indoor doings of the camp were held. One of the features of the Camp was the dedication of the Fireplace to the boyhood of America on the last night of camp. The presidents of the outgoing (Ossipees Class) and

do not go deep enough to take such examples for themselves in the true student way unless such a process is brought especially to their attention. Camp Miniwanca gives this atmosphere by providing for the young person able and good leaders and teachers, and by the close study of such a life as Jesus. It is this atmosphere of "worthwhileness" that every young person, unconsciously in many cases, seeks to reach. Camp Miniwanca satisfies the desire.

Then too, the Camp provides much fun and sport in its program of concentrated recreation, assuming recreation to mean relaxation from regular routine. The games played, the swimming, and the hikes we took, to me seemed especially enjoyable because of the capable supervision accorded each sport. Baseball is fun in any back lot, but it seems more fun when each man understands the rudiments of play and the game becomes a battle of skill and wits and not mere luck. This factor is the deciding line between whether each one of us shall live his life to the fullest of its promise, or shall merely "trust to luck" and then perhaps leave the promise of life undeveloped.

It is this non-pareil environment coupled with the association of some of the best men and boys in the country that has made Miniwanca mean to me what it does. I don't see how any red-blooded American can get along to his best advantage without the atmosphere of the Four-Fold Life. I am looking forward with anticipation to a renewal of camp life next summer.

—GERALD E. WHITE,
President Founders' Class.

Camp Merrowvista! Some magic in that name unlocks a great storehouse of resources and happy memories, a storehouse piled high with camp experiences which are unforgettable.

the incoming (Pace-Makers) Class jointly built and lit the fire. Kicica read the scripture, Dad made the prayer of dedication and Minisino the address. Kinji, while Kicica stood between the class presidents, declared the building and fireplace



dedicated to the service of youth and The Jesus way of Living. The same evening the Fireplace in the Eating Lodge was dedicated to the Girlhood of North America—Eleanor Brooks and Erma A. Ludwig, graduates of the camp and acting for the girls jointly built and lit the fire. Wadjepi read the scripture and Kodaya offered the prayer of dedication while the graduates of the camp joined hands about the fire.

The high Merrowvista's spots of the Outstanding camp at Mer- rowvista were Features the Hillsides—

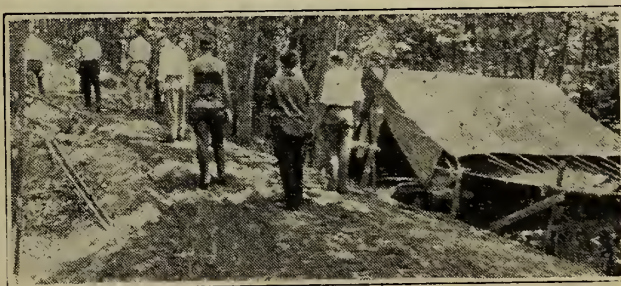
facing the mountains with their purple majesty and setting stars, the Group Parties in the Glen by the rushing water-fall and along Lost Brook, the Song Fest by the lake and the Commencement exercises. These so stand out in the thinking of the Founder Writers that one can safely say they are unforgettable. These features are beautifully expressed in the language of the participants in the activities themselves. The service "In Memoriam" at the grave of Lyford A. Merrow on the first Sunday afternoon of the Girl's Camp will long endure in the memory. Addaline Brandon and Eleanor Richmond, the presidents of the third and fourth year classes, placed a wreath upon the grave, the Girls' Quartette under Pema-

And that's the best part about Merrowvista. You just can't forget it, no matter how hard you try!

Even the first day stands out as clearly as the last. Can we Firsts ever forget the simple, cordial spirit of welcome that made us feel like old campers, the thrill of happiness racing up and down our spines, because everyone seemed so glad to see us, even though we were "new and green"? Remember the first impression of camp as we tumbled out of the trucks and stood gazing at the mountains round about, just speechless at the beauty of the scenery? Then the joy of the thought of living in such a paradise of nature for two whole weeks! This was a case where first impressions were lasting impressions, and where first joys were lasting joys.

From the first call of reveille to the last sounding of taps, each day seemed like a new voyage of understanding on a vast sea, unknown to us who were Firsts, but charted by experienced pilots. Each hour contributed something worthwhile to the progress of the day, and when, at the close of day, we took our personal inventory of that day's accomplishments, how surprised we were to see how many leagues we had traveled in the voyage of understanding.

Learning the four-fold life was a new experience that demanded the best we had to give. It opened up to us the Jesus Way of living, a way which before, perhaps, had seemed too far remote to be applicable to daily life. Thru the guidance of our leaders we found the value of a well-balanced life, and with their help we learned the method of development. Unforgettable are the ideas they gave to us. Our "mental sleigh-ride thru religion" did not last very long when the moral plumbing



tahhachegay sang three selections and short addresses of appreciation were made by Minisino, Wokcan and Kinji. In the distant view Mount Chocorua and Mount Washington sublimely raised their heads. A Memorial service in the Boys' Camp at Miniwanca, at the time of the funeral of our friend Mr. Merrow, was equally impressive. The camps honored themselves by honoring the man, who willed to the Youth of America the land on which Merrowvista is built and who was their comrade, Inyanite. In the Boy's Camp at Merrowvista, Parker Merrow's tribute to his father will long be remembered.

Forgers, The Graduating sixteen of Classes

—Seekers
—Vanguards,
twenty-three of them; Fran-
conians, twenty-two of them;
Ossipees, twelve of them,—Grad-
uates all and seventy-three in
total. Four years of work well-
done and two hundred and
twenty hours of study satis-
factorily finished! Minisino
thrilled with pride in bestowing
on these splendid youth the
Diploma of The American Youth

began. One of the first awakenings came with the Questionnaire conference. How thankful were we for that self-revelation process which mirrored our failings and then showed us how to correct them. Another lasting help was the study of the Bible with our leaders, learning to find solutions to our problems in that great record of human experiences. We found God to be not just a convenient Providence, but an inexhaustible resource, a resource to be incorporated at the beginning of our enterprises instead of as a last resort. It was more helpful to conceive of religion as a feeling of God's presence and a responding to that presence than to continue our former conception of religion as a set of abstract theories too vague to be useful.

Unforgettable, too, are those wonderful Hillside meetings, with the glory of the sunsets and the delicate beauty of the crescent moon, inviting every camper into the peace of spiritual communion. The inspiration of service as the keynote of those meetings has made a deep impression, lasting and effective, in moulding the purpose of the Firsts, and with such inspiration much can be accomplished.

There are so many more priceless memories of Merrowvista. Just the mere mention of Council and Commencement stir up a whole flood of thoughts and ideals which have developed into resources for our service.

Camp has enriched life. It has taught us how to live the four-fold life. It has given us a great treasure house of memories which shall always remain active sources of inspiration to live the Jesus Way.

—EVELYN SEUFERT,
President "Firsts."



Foundation and the graduation of these seventy-three into the ranks of the leaders became the inspiration of the camp enrollment of seven hundred and ninety-five (795) to press forward to the same high

The Awards objective. Never in
and Personnel the history of the

camps were more awards made. The high quality of the campers, for there was a decided advance in the average, compelled the Awards Committee to grant a record-breaking list. In all two hundred and thirty-five (235) awards was the record and among these were eight gold medals, seven silver medals and seventeen bronze medals. It was a high-water mark year. Twenty-eight states, two provinces and one foreign country represented the camp enrollment. Twenty-seven states and provinces and New Zealand being registered at Merrowvista. Consult back cover present issue for Trophy record.

The Foundation Camp Policy

“We specialize in the wholly impossible.”
March first, we began camp operations with the building of three miles of road, a bridge and numerous culverts. On June 29th we

opened our first camp-conference and followed with three more in succession. We built two new camps, Miniwanca in Michigan and Merrowvista in New Hampshire, conducted all commissary operations and carried on four record-breaking camp-conferences in a period of six months. Our policy has been to serve young people in training for Christian leadership. The equipment was designed and built for that purpose. The food served was the best money could buy and it was in abundance. Money secured for board was not used to pay for other commodities. Youth in training must be fed wholesomely and completely. The Faculty and Leadership was seasoned by Experience and the instruction was on a par with the University class-room. The expressional curriculum was in the hands of masters, and athletics, aquatics and social life were integrated into the instruction program. Every camp activity has its reasoned place and is blended into a two-weeks unit for the development of personality and the leadership training of Christian

Youth. The camps with their equipment and the camp-conferences are operated as a complete plan. The product of 1925, at work in local church and community in the spread of The Jesus Way of Living is our dividend—paid into the spread of the Kingdom through existing local organizations. The American Youth Foundation exists only to serve Youth and the Kingdom through its recognized in-



stitutions. The 1925 Founder's Camps are proud of their product

Familiar Voices

Urgent Talks by Earnest Folks

A CAMP can be measured quite easily by the attitudes of its adult leaders. It can be gauged accurately by the spirit of its group advisors. The Mentors of the graduating and freshman classes speak their heart words in the pages that follow.—Editor.



S I SIT in the quiet of the evening and live over again in my mind our four Camps and endeavor to put into words what the Forgers have meant to me, I wonder if I can make you understand something of what it has meant to be the Mentor of this Class of one hundred and forty-eight fellows. To live with them through four Camps; to keep in touch through the intervening months; to feel the very heart throbs; to enter into the joys and sorrows especially of that more intimate circle which naturally develops and incidentally to be able to readily recall the name of "her" who at that particular moment is the guiding influence, etc., and at the same time to play the game all the way through with each and every member of the Class, is an experience given to few men to know.

In my first Camp in 1917, as I watched the formation of the "Patriots," I thought how wonderful it would be to be a Mentor—I desired this in much the same manner as a youngster desires the moon—realizing it was out of reach and knowing too it was reserved for those who were familiar with the trail. Little did I think then that in my third Camp this dream would be realized. I shall never forget that night in the 1922 Camp when, after the boat ride to Geneva City, the President came to me and asked me to be the Forger Mentor. There was no more sleep for me that night and my sole prayer was "Father, if I can measure up, I'd love to have the chance." Then, the happy realization the next morning when I stood before the Forgers in the Tipi as their Mentor.

From the outset, it was the desire to make ours the biggest and the best Class to graduate from Camp. We succeeded in making it the largest graduating class of boys, and while each Mentor naturally feels his class is the best, yet, according to Kinji, *the Forgers is the first class to leave Camp*



with each fellow a pennant fellow. Surely no Class ever had a greater number of outstanding fellows; a more challenging motto; a more significant emblem; a more beautiful Class Pin; or a more wonderful Class Spirit. Many of the fellows who were prevented from graduating with the Class are playing the game with us and hope to finally complete their training.

The Forgers seem to have made their own place in the hearts of the great Camp Family and the graduation this Summer was not the "passing out" but, in line with Kinji's address, the "desire to press forward toward the mark," and I know I voice the sentiment of each Forger when I say that our supreme desire is to always be a very vital factor in the ongoing of the program of the American Youth Foundation.

I shall never cease to thank the "Giver of every good and perfect gift" for the privilege of being the Forger Mentor, and also the members of the Class every one of whom has made his own contribution. This contact has resulted in some wonderful friendships and the joy of it is that through the coming years our paths will necessarily cross and we will have the pleasure of living over together our great Camp experiences, and, in the meantime, we will keep ever before us our Forger Motto:

"Good! Better!! Best!!! Never let it rest

'Till your Good is Better and your Better Best."

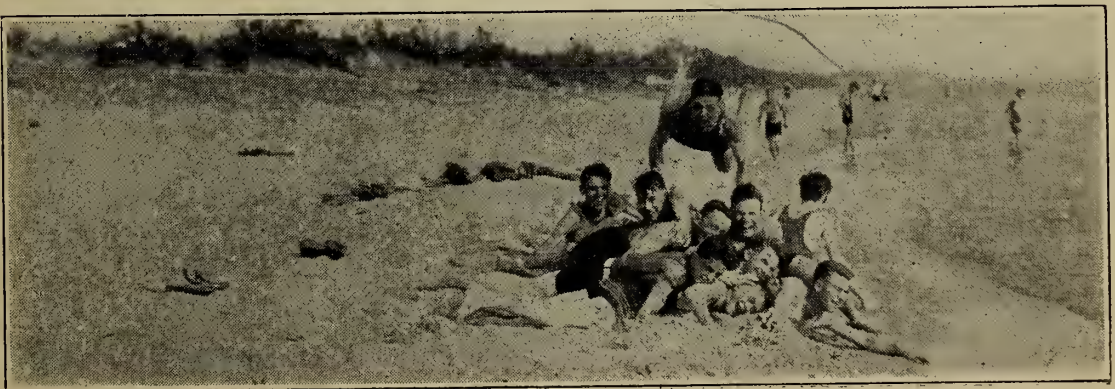
H. A. SANDERSON, (*Sandy*),

Mentor of "The Forgers."



WE ARE just wishing that we could be together at Miniwanca, talking, instead of putting our thoughts in ink. Many, many times since camp we have thought of each of you and have wondered what you were doing and what you were planning for the year. Whatever it is, we want you to know that we shall continue to think of you often and wish for each one of you the very best.

So far as our activities are concerned, number one is thinking in terms of Horlick's Malted Milk for Frank, Jr., and new cookery to tickle the palate of her husband, Frank, Sr. Number two is still in her bathing suit,—this time manufacturing swimmers for the Central Y. W. C. A. in Minneapolis. She occasionally dons middy and bloomers and helps the



two hundred and fifty pound members of the specie to lose some of their avoirdupois. Number three, who, incidentally, has recently parted with her tonsils is busy planning a Four Fold program for the younger girls at the same Association. She is working with high school and grade school girls, and through the Sunday School Cabinets, with older girls in the churches. Needless to say, numbers two and three are happy over the prospect of working together.

Through this year and through the many years to come, we, as Mentors, will look back upon our days with you as days of pleasure and inspiration. Seeker-Vanguards, your fine, strong lives will ever be a challenge to us to be our very best. And for you,—may the beautiful memories of the sparkle of Michigan's blue waters, the murmur of the night wind in the pines, and the wonder of the sun at Hillside hour, bring you ever close and closer to the Man of Galilee.

JO (*Mrs. Jo Royer Thomas*)
SAXIE (*Ruth Palmer*)
HORACE (*Marie Shaver*)



THE Founders' Class, Camp Miniwanca, 1925, is an average class when numbers are considered—thirty-nine fellows from eight states (39-8). Its officers are well distributed geographically: Michigan furnishes the President, Missouri the Vice-President, Kentucky the Secretary, and Minnesota the Treasurer.

The class is unique in that it was privileged to be the first class to be enrolled at Miniwanca, and it will be the first class of boys to complete the full course at this camp. Naturally this class will make a contribution to the customs and traditions that shall be established at Camp Miniwanca.

The striking thing about the Founders' Class, with its 39-8 is that its members are so different in looks, stature, endowments, and capacities. Thirty-nine individuals, each with a distinct personality makes it an outstanding class in the Camp Conference program of the American Youth Foundation. This foundation is committed to the task of leadership training—some task in the present age.

We are living in a mechanical age, with models and patterns for everything. An age of uniformity and standardization! Observe our movies—same picture at the same time everywhere! Our newspapers with their syndicated news and editorial features! To say nothing of the same comic strips! Our chain stores and restaurants! Our standardized high schools and colleges with their fraternities and sororities, for we must all be just like everybody else or make everybody just like us. Some savages bind their children's heads, others their feet—thus to assure conformity. We produce standardized flappers and cookie-pushers.

A Mentor, what? A counselor. In Greek Mythology, a friend to whom Telimachus was entrusted for his education by Odyssus.

Why a Mentor for the Founders' Class? To provide a counselor and friend who will co-operate with the camp directors, instructors and leaders. To the

end that each Founder may preserve his individuality, enrich his personality, discover and develop his leadership ability, and to give himself to the world and its work in his chosen field. And above all else, to help him to be *his own self at his very best all the time.*

R. W. BOWDEN, (*Mentor "Founders."*)



T GIVES me a "real thrill" to talk with you through this first number of the Four-Folder.

Wasn't Camp just wonderful? The beautiful lake, the friendly dunes, the trees, the spacious skies, the heavenward climb to Arbor Vitae Heights for Vespers, and that last glimpse of the Sun as it closed the eyes of Day and made way for the jeweled canopy of Night—the great God given Out-of-Doors—all ours for two wonderful weeks. But exceeding and surpassing all these was the comradeship of tentmates, classmates, faculty, and directors, the friendships of future years that began this year at Camp Miniwanca, the Hillside messages, the tonic of mental contacts, the swimming, the songs, the yells, the games, the evening's doings—the enrichment of life itself. Oh! What real joy was ours. Such a privilege! Shall we accept the responsibility such an opportunity brings us? I just know we won't forget we're Dedicators. In school, office, or home, no matter how busy, we are going to be "Our very best selves all of the time"—then we can't forget.

Can't you just see yourselves getting the things done that you planned the last few days of Camp, when you left off being Freshies and "arrived"—DEDICATORS? Now it is up to us THE DEDICATORS, to show the other classes what real American Youth Founders we really are. So on with the Calendar Stunt first—Give your State Chairman a real surprise by writing her your progress.

It's the biggest challenge a class ever had—the thing you Dedicators are going to do. It's the biggest challenge you have to meet—NOW—AT ONCE—so that returns will get in before December first. It will prove your mettle. It will show whether you can do some effective organization work, even though you are the only Dedicator in your town, or school. Just tell folks about it. They will gladly help you. Ask your friends to help you—it will please them to have the opportunity.

Will you accept this responsibility to carry out your own plan? I know you will—A Dedicator couldn't fail—wouldn't be a Dedicator then, would you? We are all busy. The folks of the world are the accomplishees—*It shall be done*—"I will answer with the best that's in me."

Can't you just see yourself next year in the Dedicators own class room—yours, you know. How splendid—to be able to use this Memorial yourselves for three years, graduate from your own class room and then rededicate it to the girls who follow. By accomplishing this feat, you inaugurate a new custom provide a much needed class room, and leave for all time a Memorial proving the confidence placed in Youth by the leaders and planners of the American Youth Foundation Program.

Are you thinking, too, of the girl you will select who can qualify for the next year's Freshman class? We're Dedicators you know. We do what we say we'll do. Yes? Thank you, that's fine. I knew you would.

I'm so happy to work with you this year, and the next, and the next. I really believe Camp meant more to me than to anyone else. I was helped so much—you girls are such an inspiration.

I can always be reached at 920 Tracy, Kansas City, Missouri, if you want a word with me.

Sincerely,
NETTIE M. HUFF, (*Mentor Dedicators.*)



ATURE is preparing for the storms of the winter months. Here as I sit overlooking the beautiful scenery of the rockbound coast of Maine at the mouth of the Penobscot, the birds are gathering for their southern sojourn, and the leaves are falling. How are the "Firsts" preparing?

These are our days of preparation when college doors swing open to let us in, Church schools open wide their opportunities for learning and serving; everyone is home all ready "to be" and "to do." We have come down from the mountain where we caught the vision in those great source-gathering days of ideal life. Now we are facing actualities in life as they present themselves as opportunities.

Oh ye "Firsts!" hear the call to Grow and Prepare in the school room under that great leader with that great book; in the home with those most dear; in the friendships of the every day; in the church that is ours to build and to press onward. Each Fall day brings its crisp awakening to the common things of life which we must make sacred.

"Look to the work the times reveal
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart,
Crave but to have in it a part,
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage
To be alive in such an age."

RUTH A. CARTER, (*"Basco"*)
Mentor "Firsts."



N THE March, 1925, number of the Four-Folder, Dad Waite suggests three advantages that Camp gives to Youth for eight weeks of summer-vacation. He says that the individuality will be enlarged, that the outlook of investment for life's powers will be broadened, and that Christian determining will be confirmed and deepened. And any of the graduates from these Foundation Camps will readily agree that his statements are true. Camp does do all his and more for Youth!

These Camps are, of course, for the training of Young People but the Adult Leader comes in for some very valuable and rather unique training also. Camp offers these same advantages to the adult leader, as many an

adult leader is glad to acknowledge. There are, however, other advantages, which are entirely foreign to the experience of the Youth in Camp. There is probably no greater privilege or any richer honor that can come to the adult leader than to be chosen by a group of Young People as their Class Mentor. Then it is that a particular group becomes the "family" of an adult leader and is watched through the rest of its Camp life with an ambitious interest.

In 1922 the Franconians numbered 101 lovely girls in the New Hampshire Camp. My! how proud I was when two of the girls came to the door of the Questionnaire Office and told me that I had been elected their Mentor! No one could tell ME anything during the rest of Camp! In 1925 the Franconians were 22 splendid graduates. The same girls? Not to me anyway! As I looked at them on that Sunday morning when Minisino gave them a white roll tied with blue ribbon the visible evidence of their achievement, I knew all three of Dad's advantages had been realized and appreciated in the lives of all of them.

And I know that for them the best of Camp experience is really only now beginning. I covet for them the opportunity to come back into the life of the Camps as Leaders. But it will not be until they are themselves elected a Class Mentor, until they are chosen by a group of girls to be their "Camp Mother," the sharer of their enthusiasms, their disappointments, their hopes and desires, that they will know what it does mean to be as rich as I in my last four years of camp experience.

"WIKACA" (*Alice Hale Baker*) *Mentor Franconians.*



MEETINGS TO YOU, "Tenny," "Carter," "Hap," "Mitta," "Stan," "Stretch," "Ki," "Tripp" and all the rest of you Pacemakers. Many times since coming back to Jersey from Merrowvista I have been tempted to look forward to next summer's camp and put the everyday life and work here in the background. As I said down in the Council Circle on our closing night, I profited much personally by living with my tent group and you Pacemakers and the rest of the campers and leaders for those two weeks and frequently find that I am selfishly anticipating the privilege of catching some more of your spirit next year in the tribal games, classes, "nites doin's," "Hillside" services, group life, etc. But then the challenge of it all comes to me as I think of how everything we did at camp pointed us toward the game of life back in our homes, churches and communities. This helps me to put camp in the background as a means to an end,—as the place where we learn how to become our best selves so that we can throw ourselves into whatever work calls us back home with such joyous abandon that that work becomes play in a real sense.

Altho we are facing some real difficulties this year in the religious educational work in my state it seems to be more of a game than ever. Camp fellowships have helped me to get this viewpoint. Are any of you having similar experiences?

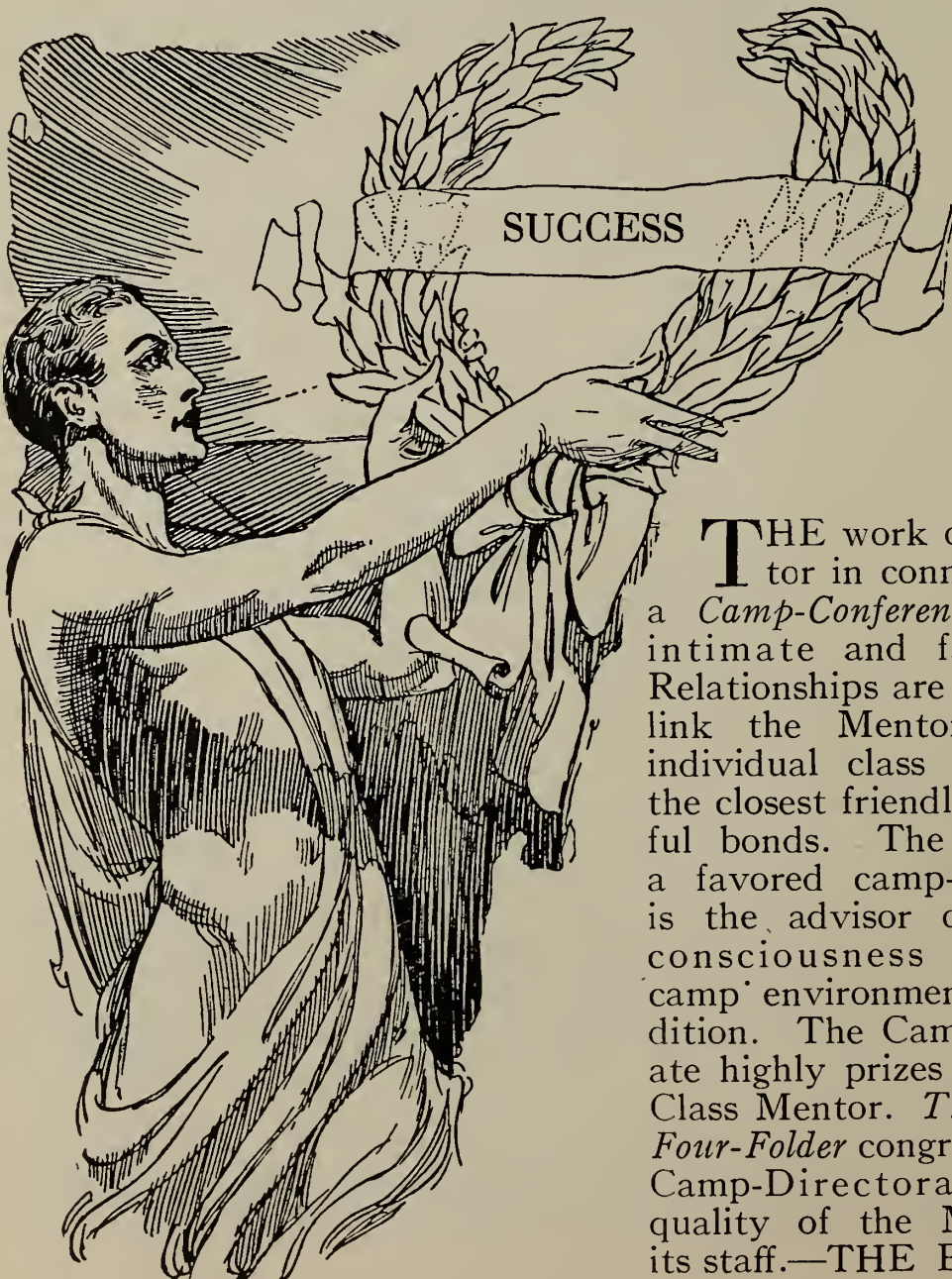
It would be great if we could keep in close personal touch with each other all during the year, but, it is greater to separate and carry the ideals and spirit and "way of life" of the Great Founder into our many churches and

communities. Aren't you finding this to be true? A Pacemaker back home as well as at camp is my best wish for each one of you. All with whom you come in contact need what you have to give them.

Then, after a year of gamely "making our distances," with our prescriptions all filled and letters earned, we will not only need but will deserve the opportunity of another two weeks of challenging fellowship at Merrowvista. How would you like to find, when the class roll is checked up next summer, that every Pacemaker had "made the grade" and returned for his second year? Let each one see to it that he earns the right to return and then make all necessary provisions for that return, financially and otherwise.

Here's to you, Pacemakers. Live up to your name.

HENRY REED BOWEN, (*Mentor Pace-Makers.*)



THE work of the Mentor in connection with a *Camp-Conference Class* is intimate and far-reaching. Relationships are set up that link the Mentor and the individual class member in the closest friendly and helpful bonds. The Mentor is a favored camp-officer and is the advisor of a group consciousness that molds camp environment and tradition. The Camp-Directorate highly prizes an efficient Class Mentor. *The Founders Four-Folder* congratulates the Camp-Directorate on the quality of the Mentors on its staff.—THE EDITOR.

To Wapo

YOU are the first fruit of a new movement among young people to live the Jesus Way and to be a leader in its gospel of the Four-Fold Life.

1924-1925 with all its dreams, prayers and effort is bound up with you. You are a history, alive and illuminating of a life that knows the Jesus Way and that gives itself to the setting of the feet of others on the path.

We have known you as a girl, college student, religious work director, camper, wife, mother and camp-conference leader. Jo Royer—now Mrs. Jo Royer Thomas, we love and honor you and look to you as a blazer of the Jesus Way in Home-Life and Community leadership. Thank you for your wholesome life and splendid comradeship, O "Happy One."



JO ROYER THOMAS

“Wapo”

Who Also is Named Jo Royer Thomas



THE First Girl-Graduate of the First Leadership Training Camp-Conference in the field of religious education! This is a notable distinction.

The First Gold Medal Girl of the Older Boy's and Older Girl's Camp-Conferences! This is a notable honor.

Jo was born on July 5, 1897 at Mt. Morris, Illinois, and was the fifth of six children of a minister. She enjoyed in her younger life the careful guidance and teaching of a wonderful Father and Mother. In 1900, the family moved to Elgin, Illinois, and fifteen years later Jo was graduated from the Elgin High School. In 1915-1916, Jo taught a country school and with this experience entered Juniata College, where she spent her freshman year. Her sophomore, junior and senior year studies were completed at Oberlin College, from which institution she received the bachelors' degree, being graduated in 1920. While in Oberlin College, she maintained a leadership among her fellow-students and was given the highest honor her fellows could bestow—President of The Woman's Council.

During the summer of 1918, Jo divided her time between a summer Sunday School Institute tour through Kansas and a six weeks' apprenticeship in the Goodyear Rubber Factory making gas masks for “across the sea.” The summer of 1919-1920 was utilized as Governess in a Jewish family.

In the Fall of 1920, Jo became the Director of Girl's Work in the First Presbyterian Church of Charleston, West Virginia, and continued in that position until she was granted her M. R. S. on May 15, 1923, when she was married to Frank Andrew Thomas. She now gives most of her time to Frank, Sr. and Frank, Jr., for Jo is now the Mother of the “greatest boy in the world.”

The summer of 1914—the First Older Girl's Camp-Conference—saw Jo as a camper. She was just a fine, wholesome girl and by joint vote of campers and leaders, she was awarded the Gold Medal. As President of the Prospectors, she was the first graduate and for a number of years served in both the Middle-West and

New England camps as a member of the Headquarters' Staff. Athletic Director, Keeper of the Records and Associate Director have been her important assignments. She is part and parcel of the camper-training movement in religious education.

In solemn ceremony, in the Council Circle—center of Camp-Conference interest, Jo was named "Wapo," which in the language of the white men means "Happy One." It was both a description of her sunny disposition and a prophecy. —J. L. A.

Special Announcement for Summer 1926



THE American Youth Foundation faces its third season of Summer Camp-Conferences with a progressive spirit. The first summer was spent on rented grounds. Last Spring and Summer saw the completion of two quality Young People's Camps—Camp Miniwanca and Camp Merrowvista—on beautiful and unique camp sites. For utter beauty, seclusion and natural conveniences these camps spell the last word of camping efficiency. The commissary of these camps is part of the training enterprise and under the immediate direction of the Foundation's Directors. This means abundant, wholesome and balanced foods prepared as a basis for the serious business of training leaders and not for profit. These wonderful camps provide a home for the carrying-on of a twelve years continuous development in the camp-conference idea of training leadership from among Christian Youth.

The thirteenth season of the idea and the third season of The American Youth Foundation heralds a forward step in Leadership Training. During the summer of 1926, in addition to the established Older Boys' and Older Girls' Camp-Conferences, the Foundation announces the initiation of two enterprises;

The Adult Leader of Youth Institute, and
The Younger Boy and Younger Girl Camps.

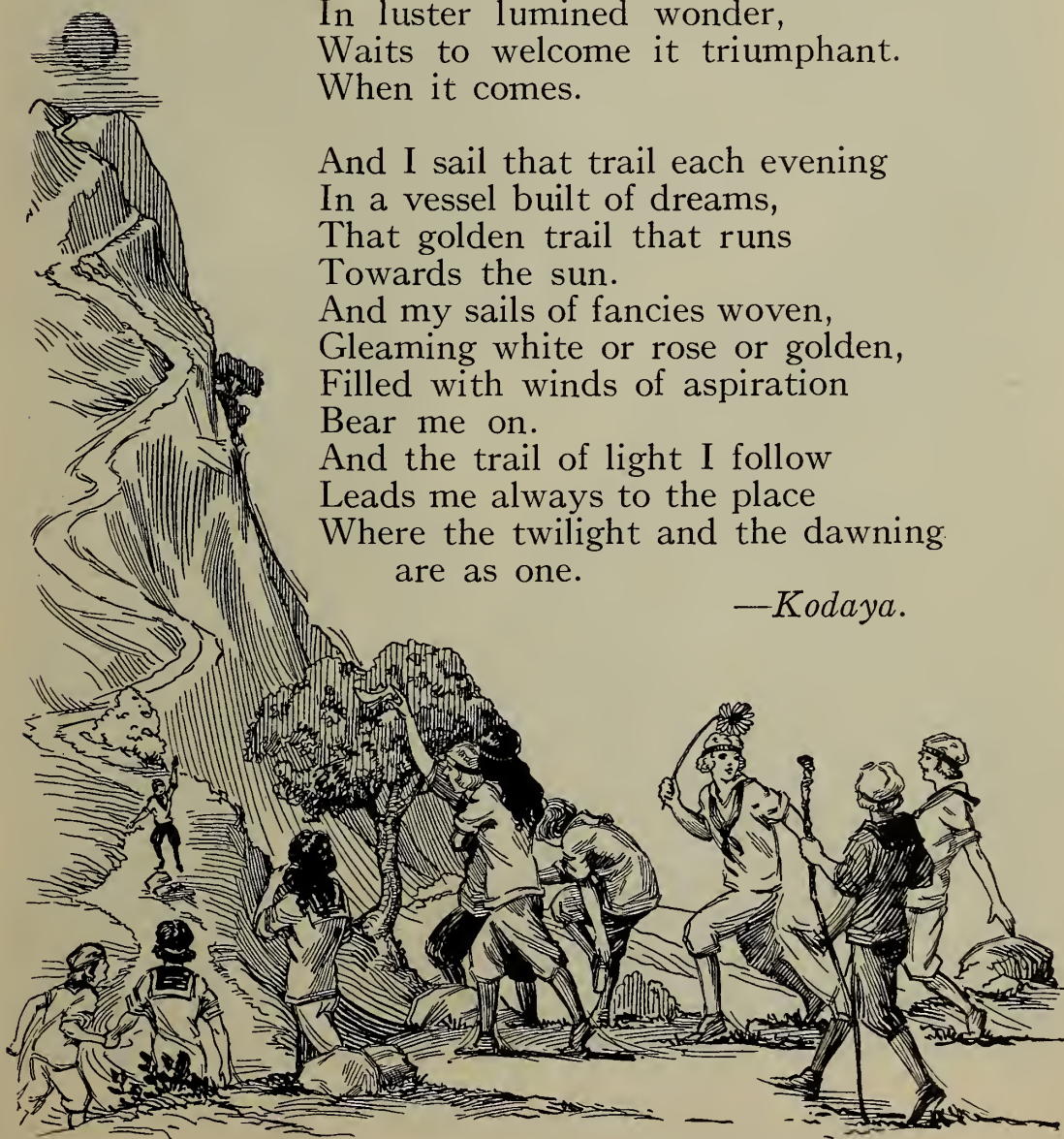
Watch the pages of future issues of The Founders Four-Folder for particulars.

The Wonder Trail

THERE'S a trail at Miniwanca,
A glory-spangled trail,
That strikes across the waters
To the sun.
And blue and silver waters,
The turquoise-tinted waters,
Stand on either side, in smiles
To see it run.
While the sky in silent wonder,
In luster lumined wonder,
Waits to welcome it triumphant.
When it comes.

And I sail that trail each evening
In a vessel built of dreams,
That golden trail that runs
Towards the sun.
And my sails of fancies woven,
Gleaming white or rose or golden,
Filled with winds of aspiration
Bear me on.
And the trail of light I follow
Leads me always to the place
Where the twilight and the dawning
are as one.

—Kodaya.





LYFORD A. MERROW
Born September 8, 1865; Died July 4, 1925.

In Memoriam



INYANITE left us the other day to see just what there is "on the other side of the Mountain."

Brave and forward-looking and cheerful as ever, he is pressing forward on the upper-trail that leads to the City of God. For almost sixty years he lived that which men call life and on the Fourth day of July he crossed the crest of the hills and is now in full understanding of the realities that he knew here only through the eyes of faith. High-hearted and great-souled as always he began his quest.

His departure made our hearts tighten and dimmed our eyes; for he was a great friend. ~~The~~ familiar wave of his hand always made us glad and the ring of his voice and the flash of his eye gave us new courage. He was always the center of high hopes and far-reaching endeavor.

He couldn't wait any longer even though he loved us. In God's own good time he was ready for his start. So we yearningly bade him good-bye as he set forth "to that bourne from which no traveller returns." He is well along on the invisible path by now.

Inyanite is just over there "on the other side of the Mountain," where the Moon and the Stars set and the sun goes down in a colorsome glory to brighten the dwelling-place of the Most High. Inyanite is in the house of The Father. The evening shadows were falling when God said,—“You're too far from home, Inyanite; come in and stay with me.”

Founder-Campers Are Leaders

THE test of the superiority of The American Youth Foundation Camp-Conferences at Miniwanca and Merrowvista is the way in which you will serve in your local Church and Community Council, Conference or Young People's Work this Fall, Winter and Spring.



Our Camp objective and dividend is to fit you for and inspire you to intelligent leadership at home, so that you may discover two things:

1. The way to your best self as a leader by participating fully in the activities open to you;

2. To realize *yourself*—at your very best—by giving your best to home, school (or work), church and community.

Frankly, Miniwanca and Merrowvista will be worthwhile only in so far as you render the outstanding leadership in young people's affairs back home. Founder Campers are leaders, not followers. We expect you to lead—Everywhere!

—Kinji (John L. Alexander)

Minisinc

Life's High



have the highest hopes moments of absolute through these great ta these verses have stirr use them for subjects

Sincere



"MERROWVISTA T

ays

hts:

launch out in-
ne deep."

You have com-
ed this moun-
long enough;
you north-
l" — Deuter-
ny 2:3.

o you, Found-
in whom I
I urge a few
quiet to think
Then when
you to action,
two meetings.
ours,

—W. H. D.

Back on the Job!

IT'S great to be back home among old friends and familiar things. Whether you have been to Europe or only visiting in the next county, it feels good to get a sight of the old places. Home is a splendid spot and home folks, home town, home habits count heavily in our lives.

Some people never have been away from home and such individuals fail to appreciate their riches. They rumble along in the same rut quite unmindful of the progress going on in the world. They are the "status quo" majority who live in a comfortable, satisfied way and hold steady.

You have been away from home and now you are back on the job. What have you seen that has made you dissatisfied with home? Oh! You love the old places and its customs, but you know that some things should be changed because you have seen beyond the mountain. You have the vision of what the fine old town or church ought to be. To be true to your responsibility as a traveller you must bring back something which will make home better. Your only method of repaying the investment of sending you away is in returning with something new and better for all.

Campers of the Jesus Way! At Miniwanca and Merrowvista you saw the great ideal. You were part of a fellowship consecrated to bringing the Jesus Way into a reality on earth. Do your home folks see it and know it! Does your home church and your home town feel it! Let's get back on the job, not in the old way, but in the new way. We lived it for two weeks. Now let's live it during the next fifty!

—HERBERT C. MAYER (*Kicica.*)



Y NAME WE HAIL."

The Look Out

A Vantage Point for Leaders of Youth



LEE RUSSELL, the author of "The Crisis in Education" has an article in September Scribner's that is worth your reading. "Live while you live" is his topic, based on criticisms of our American life by Herbert Spencer in 1882 and by Viscount Grey of Fallodon in 1919. It is thoroughly in keeping with our gospel of The Four-Fold Life and all-round living and urges the cultivation of leisure. He says "We know how to work. Let us learn to play." It is very opportune in these days of furious intenseness, whether it be making a fortune or playing golf. It is a timely call to a rounded-out, symmetrical mode of living—a balanced ration of life.

The Look Out, under inspiration of Lee Russell's thinking, has been spending a little time in the Church Publishing House Book Shop lately. With the advent of Fall and the coming of Winter, the Leader of Youth must select his menu of reading and study with a whole lot of care in order to combine theory and practice, principle and method and spiritual insight for his task. The engineer and the mechanic and the inspiration for pure living must all be kept active in his thinking, if Youth is to be well led. Out of his adventuring The Look Out spreads a table as attractive as an Oriental feast and a lot more wholesome.

A group of three books, still warm from the press, have the promise of being plan enough for Youth's guidance for the year just ahead. Two of these, we mentioned in the early summer but name them again in connection with the third as a unit. The group consists of Teaching The Youth of The Church by Cynthia Pearl Maus, a Doran publication, The Church's Program for

Young People by Herbert Carleton Mayer, a Century publication, and A Handbook of the Outdoors, by Earle Amos Brooks, a Doran publication. Here you have a plan of organization and work for young people, suggestions for the teaching of young people and expressional helps through a well defined Outdoors Craft, the friendly communion with nature in the camp and woods,—Youth's first approach to personal wealth. The accepted methods of

Teaching The adolescent teaching; the *Story* method, the
Youth of The *Question* method, the *Research* method, the
Church *Outline* method, the *Project* method and the
 —*Maus* *Survey*, *Observation* and *Practice* methods are
 interestingly dealt with for the teachers of youth

by Miss Maus. The chapter on Lesson-Building Principles is thought-provoking. "Knowing One's Pupils," the opening chapter, is popular and scientific enough for the teachers of the Church School. It is too compact and hinty to be more useful than the suggesting of a big field of study for the so-inclined. It is a good introduction, however, to the pedagogy that follows with its technique in chapter three. The chapter on the Materials of Christian Education should be read in connection with chapters ten and eleven of Pro-

The Church's fessor Mayer's "The Church's Program for
Program for Young People." The thorough discussion of
Young People these chapters will give insight to the more
 —*Mayer* studious teacher. Professor Mayer's chapter

sixteen, "Teaching Young People" is worth a second reading. Professor Mayer's text is as exhaustive as it is scholarly. It is an inquiry into young people and their church relationships with a desire to ground these on a religious education basis. It falls into several great divisions of thought:

- The Nature of Young People's Work
- The Nature of Young People
- Young People's Work and The Church
- Church Organization for Young People
- A Young People's Curriculum
- Adolescent Worship
- Teaching Young People
- Administration of Young People's Work
- The Problem of the Adolescent Leader
- The Jesus Way of Living as the Objective

While other volumes deal with sections or phases of a Young People's program, Professor Mayer's text is inclusive and thorough in its treatment. It deserves to be the basis of your study this Winter. Supplement it with Brook's "A Handbook of the Outdoors." Here is rich curriculum material, splendidly suggestive. Outdoor Activities, Woodcraft and Campcraft are not only recreational Education. They offer the first elements of personal enrichment and are the most popular program material for youth. In this day of brick and mortar and structural steel, youth is still nature's child though sometimes strange to Nature's ways. If "This is My Father's World," the Youth of today needs to be told it. Dr. Brooks skillfully suggests the method and tells how. There will be no dull evenings or dead half-holidays in a group whose leader chums with Brooks.

THE second group of books on The Look Out's table are for personal enrichment, blood vitamins. They are Everyman's Life of Jesus by James Moffatt (Doran), Ten Short Stories From The Bible by Dean Charles R. Brown (Century) and A Living Universe by L. P. Jacks of "Hibberts" (Doran). Moffatt has put all those who are trying to live The Jesus Way under great debt. Everyman's Life of Jesus is "a coherent, consecutive story," complete, compact and altogether intelligible. To get this book in the mind and heart is to get the chart of The Jesus Way before one's mental vision. It is the Youth's Life of Christ. Dean Brown quickens our imaginations in his estimable little book.

	The Man Who Scorned Safety First
Ten Short	The Soldier Who Fought the Stars
Stories From	The King with the Green Eyes
The Bible	The Prince with the Big Head
—Brown	The Woman Who Painted Her Face
	The Spectre at the Feast

Suppose you guess the characters. Even if you are wrong, you will enjoy the treatment. A mine of stories that suggests others just as good. It answers the query, where can I get good

story material and gives the leader a chance to mould sentiment on great moral issues. Good for the reading of a red-blooded fellow! Rarely has a book more stimulating than *A Living Universe* been given us for our spiritual refreshment. "What we have of it, we grow ourselves." So spoke the schoolmaster about religion. "I do not want religion brought into this school from the outside." "What we have of it, we grow ourselves." That might be the remark of Youth, who grows from the inside out and distrusts, fights and rejects anything that is superimposed. It is the doing of the everyday task so Christianly that total everyday living, working, studying, playing, everything is service,—a total contribution to the kingdom of God. How terrible it would be however, if learning was for information only and work was purely for personal gain. Dr. Jack's three lectures: Education and Religion in a Living Universe, Civilization in a Living Universe and Immortality in a Living Universe furnish moral fibre for the on-going of life. "The civilisation of power aims at the exploitation of the world, that of culture aims at *the development of man.*" "The Great Soul of the World is just." Phrases like these are heartening.

WHILE you are at it treat yourself to an inside view of the making of a life. Henry Allen White as the biographer of Woodrow Wilson reveals the forces that mould character and determine destiny. Slowly read "The Miracle of Heredity" and watch the strains of Woodrow and Wilson blend. See the alchemy of new-born powers, colored by the tendencies of dynamic, ancestral forces. Study that strange, strange modifier of life, "The Influence of Environment" and understandingly understand the unfolding of a life through the processes of immutable social law. Then laugh, if you will, at predestination. The first generation—Immigrants! The third generation—President of The United States! In Woodrow Wilson resided the philosophy that has shaped American Institutions. If you want to appreciate American Materialism and American Idealism read this book. Incidentally, if you are wavering in your belief in ultimate good, restore your faith. "I'd rather be a temporary loser in an ultimate victory than a temporary winner in an ultimate defeat." The 11th chapter of Hebrews reads in the same strain.

NEWs has just come from Washita! Retreats have had signal significance in human history. The retreat of Napoleon from Moscow; the brief official announcement during the late World War, "We retreated in order to consolidate our positions." Retreat has usually been bound up in defeat. Of late years, groups of men retreated—**The Washita Retreat** drew away from the environment of the shop, office, and market—for various purposes; to consider peace, the abolition of the drink traffic, to outlaw war or to pray. Out of this came summer religious schools and assemblies and the numerous forms of religious propaganda and campaigns. Youth is busy at it, too, and the word just comes from the Camp Washita Retreat of the Kansas City Young People that this Fall and Winter is to mean an intensive Young Peoples' Program for Kansas City. It is great how these young folks tackle the impossible and do it. If you are interested write Walter C. Moore, 715 Fullerton Building, St. Louis. While I am giving you addresses, if you are interested in good books, such as *The Look Out* talks about, write to my friend, the book man, Mr. H. M. Mills, 17 N. Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

By the way, if you like a good story, well-told with an altruistic flavor read "Mrs. Riddle" by Gerald Chittenden in September Scribners. While you are at it, you might as well get your thirty-five cents' worth.

—J. L. A.

This issue of *The Founders' Four-Folder* is dated October, 1925. It is, however, a double number; September-October, due to the late date on which the last Camp-Conference closed at Merrowvista in September. We hope you will like this number, which is the story of the past summer in picture and pen-sketch. *Notice whether your subscription ends with this number, and if it does, send in your fifty cents now.* This issue is Volume 2, Number 1. The issues that follow are quality numbers.

—THE EDITOR.

To Canwicasa

EARLE A. BROOKS, we honor ourselves in honoring you as our Camp "Tree-Man."

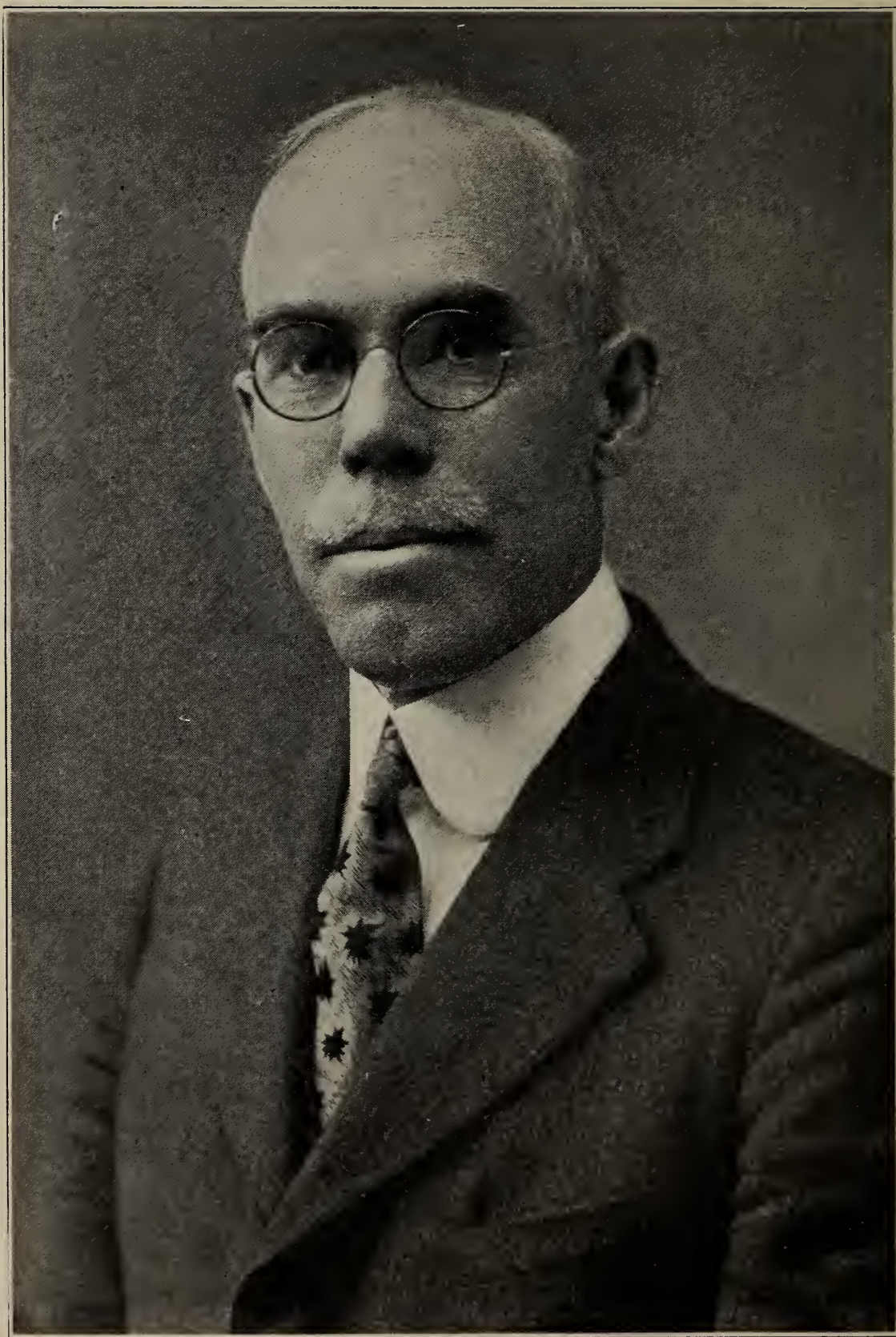
You have shown us that Nature truly belongs to those who love her, not to those who own her acres.

You have taught us how to read the clearly legible language in the Creator's Work as well as in His Word.

The wonder of the mountains' cloistered magnificence—the charm and restfulness of the sleeping silvery lake—the sovereignty of the dominant tree—the mystery and movement of the migratory birds—the "broad, open eye of the solitary sky"—you have helped us to see that Mother Earth has lessons no less splendid than the Sages, which enlarge every soul that responds to their greatness.

Canwicasa, each of your Camper-devotees would be like you,

"A sensitive being, a receptive soul,
The friend alike of Nature, and of
God."



EARLE AMOS BROOKS

"Canwicasa"

Who Also is Named Earle A. Brooks



WHEN Earle A. Brooks came to his first Camp-Conference in 1916, woodcraft can hardly be said to have had an administrative organization in any summer training enterprise under religious auspices. In scores of camps with varied leadership the standard for woodcraft merely was, if not actually a means of killing time, measurably a method of entertainment.

From the first Dr. Brooks stood for the high cultural value of nature study. In the face of precedent he held firmly to the popularly scientific ideal that saved the presentation of woodcraft in the Camps of the Fourfold Life from descending to the level of the scholarship degeneracy that had overtaken many another summer camp.

Dr. Brooks brought to the Camp-Conferences the vigor of early middle life, a scientist's knowledge of biology, a personal experience in the great out-of-doors, and above all a satisfying faith that "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

His reputation had proceeded him and gained for him immediately a cordial welcome. And then, with his assured and determined spirit, it was only a matter of meeting his classes a few times before Dr. Brooks brought both leaders and campers intelligently to respect as a necessity what so many had been looking upon only as a toy. Under his magic touch Peter Bells, to whom "a primrose is, and nothing more," have become John Muirs who receive the mountains into their souls and "see God playing on everything, as a man would play on an instrument."

Earle A. Brooks was born at French Creek, W. Va., April 29, 1871, attended country schools for his early education, took his A. B. from West Virginia University and his B. D. at the Western Theological Seminary. His D. D. was conferred upon him by Davis and Elkins College and the Phi Beta Kappa Key by his alma mater. His academic studies have been further advanced at Harvard. But it was his mother who taught Earle, with the rest of her sons and daughters, to love the wild-flowers.

His contributions to bird-lore merit his membership in the

oldest bird club in America—The Nuttall Ornithological Club, and other scientific societies. Founder-campers particularly acclaim his "Handbook of the Outdoors."

The gamut of Dr. Brooks' teaching is from the country schools of his native state to the chair of Field Sciences in the Boston University School of Religious Education and Social Service. And as a Presbyterian minister he has had four pastorates in his twenty-five years of splendid service.

In 1900 Earle A. Brooks married Mary McCuskey. Their two children, Eleanor and Chandler, are both graduates of the Camp-Conferences, and Eleanor is an alumna of Oberlin College. The present homemaker of the Brooks household is the first wife's sister, Ora Mae McCuskey, to whom Dr. Brooks was married March 24, 1925.

A most active man and a devotee of youth, *Canwicasa—the one who loves the trees*—delights to spend his summer-vacations as a faculty-member of The American Youth Foundation Camp-Conferences and thereby maintains a potential place in the training of the Christian leadership of a continent. —R. A. W.

A Second Older Girls' Camp-Conference

The Older Girls' Camp-Conferences at Camp Miniwanca and Merrowvista filled the equipment to capacity with an overflow.

In order to provide facilities for Older Girls in training and to assure properly-limited camps, *in which each camper has personal attention*, The American Youth Foundation announces a Second Older Girls' Camp-Conference at both Camps Miniwanca and Merrowvista for the summer of 1926. The dates for the Camp Conferences for 1926 are:

Merrowvista
July 12 to July 26.
July 26 to Aug. 9.

Miniwanca
July 26 to Aug. 9.
Aug. 9 to Aug. 23.

Eighty per cent of the *First* Conferences are now registered. Christmas will see the registrations for the *Second* Conferences complete. Avoid the Waiting List!

Summer Investments

Observations on Profitable Days

BY SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

THE undergraduate years of a training camp student body are the guarantee of the permanency of the enterprise and the evidence of its service. The Presidents of the Sophomore and Junior (1925) groups put their own appreciation of Miniwanca and Merrowvista.—Editor.



TILL it's "huwwy-huwwy!" and "hur-r-ry hur-r-ry!" with meetings during the noon hour and one task after another continually confronting me. College almost seems like Camp again with all its hurry and hustle. Who would want it otherwise? Not I! It seems to me that the busiest people are the happiest and get the most out of living. Surely that is true at Camp.

Each year of Camp means more to me than the preceding year and Merrowvista has certainly surpassed them all. It has probably been the most profitable two weeks in my life. But to tell in words what Camp meant to me this year is what I call "doing the impossible."

To be sure Camp meant Dad, Kinji, Kicica, Wadjepi, base ball, soccer, volley ball, the rising bell, porcupines, classes, lost messages, hillsides, up-set Ford, prunes, the evening star, stubbed toes, bay-rum ice cream, dips, horse shoes, mountain climbs and poor babes in the woods, *mail*, movies, commencement, friendships, frogs, and wild cats. Sure'n that's not all but why go on? It scarcely seems possible that so much could be jammed into two weeks.

In my mind Camp isn't interpreted by words but by lives. That's what I realized this year makes our Camp unique and challenging to young people. More than anything else I enjoyed living with a bunch of fellows interested in "the Jesus Way" of life.

I believe that of the many deep impressions of Camp, the Hillside is to me the most lasting. The plain, straight-from-the-shoulder talks of the leaders made the greatest impresses. But to a chap like me from the level country, the mountains were symbols of great strength, durability, and steadfastness; and formed a mighty background for the talks. I shall never forget the mountains, the setting star, the singing, the praying, and the talks of Hillside.

One of my last impressions was that the Founders idea is much too good for me to keep for myself. If I can get so much in two weeks to enrich my personal life and at the same time get inspiration and methods for better work in my own church, why can't my chum do the same? My big job as I see it is not only to make my dreams an actuality, but to influence others by my life to be real Founders of His.

—GLENN S. REZNOR (*President Junipers.*)

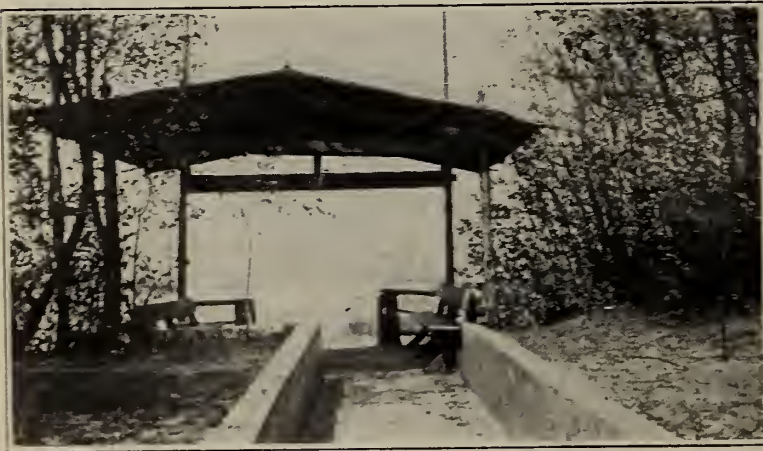


AN I ever forget those two glorious weeks spent at Merrowvista. Merrowvista, the realization of Kinji's dream and the "Land of Promise" for us Young People of North America.

There was something about Camp Merrowvista that just gripped me by the throat; those majestic mountains towering about us on all sides; the lake nestling at our feet, with the wind gently breathing over its calm waters and Oh! how it sparkled as the sun kissed each dancing wavelet, making me dream of beauty, courage, and strength.

Can I ever forget the stillness of the woods and their coolness as we sat at Wahoda's feet and listened, with alert minds and parted lips, to the problems of the world as she brought them before us, and as we discussed our attitude toward them. Can I ever forget how each Founder girl there discovered a new responsibility toward her neighbor, and how each one of our hearts was stirred with a deeper and more profound love for our home, our school, our friends, and our enemies!

And can I ever forget the friendships formed at Merrowvista; the fun we had in sports, with Minisino's laughing face and hearty cheers encouraging and leading us on to victory; the jolly good sportsmanship shown by all the girls; the pirate and treasure hunt; and the echo meetings we had around the lake, with Kodaya's benediction sounding sweetly solemn and reverent as it came across the silent waters from his position in the boat. That benediction winged its way into my heart and lodged there in a corner which seemed waiting for it.



Can I ever forget the fun down at Council, when Wadjepi and Kodaya convulsed us all with their portrayal of Grand Opera? Their costumes added not a little to the experiencing of the real thing and their voices were superb! Wadjepi's high pitched, clear, and melodious soprano made the woods re-echo with vibrations, trills, and

moaning slides, while Kodaya's sympathetic deep base voice gave the whole a charming harmony. Their amorous looks and dramatic actions gave the whole scene a realness that simply sent us into hysterical peals of laughter.

And I can never forget the classes with Canwicasa, as he led us up to the water fall and let us listen to the murmuring of its secrets as it splashed and rolled away; as he led us through the quiet forests and taught us, Oh! so many helpful things! Nor can I forget the classes with Lottie May Bose, and Beth Nutting, as we studied the Council and the Church. And Oh! those jolly assembly hours with Pe-mah-ta-ha-che-gay, the inspectors and Kicica.

Nor do I want to forget the splendid meals which Wadjepi planned,—chicken and ice-cream every Sunday, meat and potatoes and gravy, delicious vegetables, and blue berry pudding, ice-tea, mush and milk, and bacon and eggs—Oh! they were wonderful meals!

And I can never forget the Hillside vesper services, the splendid talks by our magnificent leaders, the attitude of quiet worship as we sat silently gazing at the gold and rose tinted sunset glow, or as we prayed for beauty and strength of character.

Nor can I ever forget Kicica, who scolded us, who loved us, who watched us as we made our dumb mistakes and helped us to correct them, and who prayed and worked for us to really become our best selves.

And Dad Waite who cleared the trails before us, smoothing our pathway, carefully watching us and longing that we live up to the fullest possible realization of the principles of Jesus Christ our Lord and Master.

In this story of camp I have tried in my feeble and limited way to really express what Camp has meant to me. No doubt it sounds all jumbled to you, but Oh! it all means so much to me. For I love Merrowvista Camp and I truly do want to be a real Founder and as Kinji said to the graduating class, "We are counting on you to live and spread the Founder Spirit and Idea and we have no other plan," so let us, dear Founders, ever hold fast to the ideal of our leaders and to the undying principles of Jesus Christ.

—N. ADDALINE BRANDON (*President Balsam Firs.*)



THE two weeks I spent at Camp Miniwanca this summer were the biggest two weeks of my life. I left camp with a feeling that I had honestly grown.

This was my third year at a camp conference, but this year it was different. I seemed to snap out of it and do things, where before I had let others do them. I wanted to try and lead, not follow. Perhaps the fact that it was a new camp whose traditions I was to help mould, and in which I, as a Founder, really had an interest, that stirred up that feeling.

Another thing—in my whole life, I cannot remember having as good a time as I had throughout the two weeks at Camp Miniwanca.

It's hard to say what it is that makes a camp run as successfully as Miniwanca. Several things stand out in my mind. The general atmosphere of the camp is that of a group of young people working together, playing together, living together, and worshipping together, and putting all they have into everything they do. It brings out hidden abilities which a fellow often doesn't know he has.

The Camp program and curriculum do much toward making it the success it is. You do not think of it as a school at all, but one can get more education there in two weeks than during the remainder of the entire year. That's a large statement, and the first time I heard it I doubted it, but not any more.

I've met a lot of boys there, every one of whom I'm proud to know, and I'm mighty glad to call them my friends. They are all real boys clear through

and the spirit of fellowship and friendly rivalry that exists between the different groups in the Camp is great.

Last, but by no means least, the camp has leaders. I don't see how human beings can possibly do all they do and remain good natured. You know, in a showdown, they're the ones who really are responsible for feeding the bodies and minds and keeping out of trouble a large group of live wires like a boys' camp is. And nearly every boy leaves camp with a feeling that if he could grow to be like one of these men, he'd be satisfied to call himself a success. I know. I've talked to several of them.

Those are some of the reasons why, as the weeks slip by and the time for next year's camp approaches, I'll begin to get as excited as any little kid about going back to Miniwanca to make the second year bigger, if possible, than the first year.

—HOWARD H. ADERHOLD (*President Defenders*).



OW MANY of us remember our first vacation? Do we not look back upon it with joy and pride when we recall what it meant to us? We were so anxious to be on our way and after we reached the destination, we wanted to do everything and see everything the first few moments after our arrival.

Now for the wonderful two weeks during July, 1925. I am sure we will all agree that no matter how many vacations we have had and enjoyed, we will vote Camp Miniwanca the greatest and grandest ever. The boat ride over the lake and the bus trip were both mighty fine, but the real thrill came when we were nearing the place where we would "hang our hats" for the next two weeks. Just think of the excitement when we jumped down from the trucks and started off on the hike down the Indian trail, that our redskin friends, the Potawatamees, followed in the days long past. Maybe you think our blood didn't tingle when we ran along that trail? The spirit of the old Indians was certainly there. That was a lasting impression made upon me for one, and it was a new experience for many of us, long to be remembered and treasured.

Then came the mad rush. "Get in line!" "Don't crowd!" That was worth millions alone—those first few hours when we all had to register and were waiting for our tent assignments. Where were we to be located? Who were to be our tent-mates? . . . Questions which could only be answered by hurrying to our tents and



looking things over. We were very thankful indeed to the boys who were kind enough to remain over from Boys' Camp to help put up the tents and get things in readiness for us. What would we have done without them?

Of course we had to explore! And what we did find—those two wonderful lakes, connected by the creek; the miles of beautiful beach; and the dunes! Words cannot describe the beauty of the place. Camp officially opened July 13th, Monday evening, with a meeting in the Eating Lodge. We all felt quite privileged to be included in such a group of fine young people, being guided and helped by our wonderful leaders.

Tuesday morning, the regular camp began and by noon everything was in fine running order. From then on, with the regularity of the clock tick, we followed our program—the rising bell in the morning; “upsets;” and then the dip! !! Had it not been for that dip, I fear Kinji would have had many more candidates for his tribe of the “Heavy Feet.”

The Campers this year were real Founders, helping to firmly establish and spread the idea of the Four-Fold life. The memory of camp, from the rising bell in the morning to the last glimmer of the council fire at night, is a challenge to each and every girl to be her own self at her very best all of the time. And now that we have scattered, each to our own home, we live again the wonderful days that meant so much to us—the days spent on the shores of Lake Michigan, and “Old Stony.”

—RUTH SANNER (*President Challengers—Grail Seekers*).



SCARCELY a month has passed since the last of the four camps conducted by the American Youth Foundation during the past summer has closed its doors behind the backs of a hustling, bustling bunch of real fellows. A gang, who after having received inspiration and instruction, after having been filled with that outstanding characteristic which all true Founders possess, (that never give up and press forward until you win spirit), were determined more than ever before to face that ever waiting task back in their home communities, like—MEN.

Today, although hardly a month has passed since the end of camp, we as Founders oft' times pause to meditate upon those unforgettable remembrances of camp. We love to do it for it spurs us on to greater and better thoughts and accomplishments. And so I would like to put into writing a few of the experiences which I had the pleasure of enjoying at Camp Merrowvista this last summer.

Every time that I as a Founder think of camp, I cannot fail to visualize before me again the utter beauty of Merrowvista. Is there anyone who is not spurred onward after having seen again Big Dan Hole as it lies under the soft light of the moon, surrounded by the massive wooded mountains? It drew me nearer to the Master of it all. As I see the above picture again as I truly did see it on those silvery moonlight nights, it causes me to lift my head a little higher, to straighten up a little more, to take a new grasp on the duties of life. This thought brings to my mind Kinji's challenge, “Shoulders together! Shoulders together! Shoulders together, Craig-alacha,” as he snapped it out that last Sunday to the graduates.

Then there were the many tribal activities, including the games, meets, nights' doings, etc., which all together went to make up a great part of the fine spirit manifested by the campers. There were also a few side attractions may I say? Such as the Leaders-Campers Baseball Game, which resulted unfortunately in a win for the Leaders. Following that game a challenge was issued to the Freshmen by the Second Year men to stage a Battle Royal on the Baseball Field. Naturally the Sophs won. And later as we surmised the Fourth Year fellows defeated the Third year gang. This of course gave the Seniors the right to play the Second year bunch for the Championship. And what is more, they won, but to this day I don't see how they did it. Although defeated by one run, this did not dampen the spirit of the Whittiers, for they were, and still are, determined to win out next year.

There's another very pleasant side of camp life which every fellow will always remember. That is the quality, and may I say the quantity, of "Eats" which every chap got away with (ask the Chiefs). Wadjepi surely had an eye for business, for how can any red-blooded American fellow resist the temptation of wandering up into those New Hampshire Mountains once a year to really satisfy his appetite?



Need I say, that I still remember those beautiful Hillside services in which we were able to see with our naked eye, that wonderfully bright star which seemed to beckon to us as it dropped out of sight? And then I am sure that our spiritual eyesight was also quickened as we listened to a series of the finest heart-to-heart talks some of us have ever heard.

Can any fellow forget that last Sunday afternoon when each lad hid himself away for a half hour just to think the whole thing through before journeying homeward? I shall never forget it.

In closing these camp remembrances, they would not be complete if I failed to repeat to you those last thoughts which Dad and Kodaya left in our hearts. May they challenge us again and again, as they did when uttered. "So run"—"Fight the good fight of faith."

May I personally challenge you to be Go-Getters?

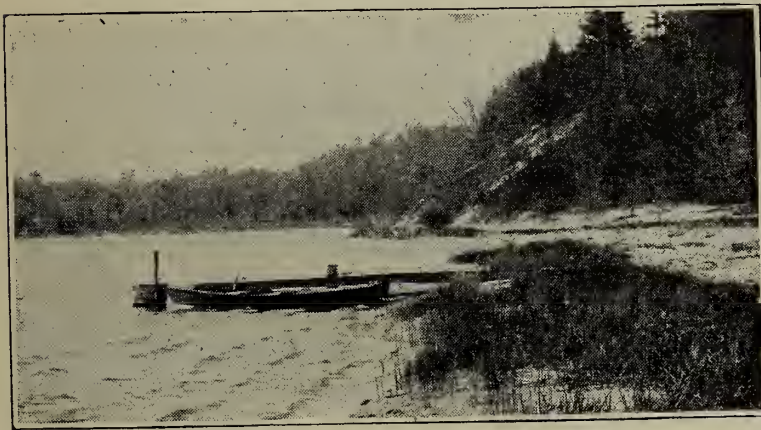
—"KEN" CUTLER (*President Whittiers*).



HEY come toppling over each other as I sit here in the gloaming, listening to the patter of rain on falling leaves. Changing visions gliding by, precious memories that laugh and sigh!

In fancy I steal back to the end cot in Tent 26. My comrades are sleeping but I lie awake and watch the stars shoot across the heavens. I gaze around me and see the black outline of the forest, keeping silent watch over the little brown tents and listening to the song of the road as it wanders past. In the distance I see a young man passing gently around the circle, from tent to tent, putting out the cheerful little earthly lanterns and leaving the Camp to fragrant darkness and to peace.

It is morning, the second bell has rung. I hear Cap Adams straining her lungs to the girl in the red bathing suit: I see us standing at Attention while the flags go up. I hear our bones crack as we take the first "Bending downward at the knee." I feel us racing through the woods to the lake. I hear the yells, cheers, and happy songs of mealtimes. I see us in class discussing with Miss Baker; playing games with Miss Rouse; singing in Assembly; listening to but forgetting to takes notes from Kodaya, and in between times dashing madly to the store.



Classes are over now and we're in the heat and excitement of Tribal Games, Yea Mohicans, and then the swim, and supper, and our Sunset Tryst.

Silently the shadows gather, while the sun sinks swiftly behind the rugged mountains, leaving an aurora of color in its wake and as the colors fade, high and clear gleams

the Evening Star. Stillness and piercing solitude, then the murmur of our prayers, and just beyond the clearing, the nightly call of the Whip-Poor-Will.

The hymns, the prayers, the talks of Sunset Tryst; the heart remembers, but the tongue cannot tell about these.

Remember the night Kodaya and Wadjepi performed in Council Bow, and remember the blood curdling stories Minisino and Wadjepi told us that night in Assembly, when the wild wind blew and the rain beat weirdly against the window panes.

Of course I remember all these things, and the hikes, hunts, parties, camp fires, meets and fetes but the really unforgettable remembrances are of, just moments: When Dad baptized Kicica's baby; when I got my Good Turn Bean; when the White Birches elected me president; Kodaya's benediction over the lake that night and the night I happened to catch some of the Franconians grouped for a minute in an attitude of silent prayer, just outside

of council circle, girls dressed in white with slim lighted candles and illumined faces, against the tall, straight trees and the black, starry night.

Then that last day, in chapel, when Miss Lovett prayed, The Day of March has Come, Lead on O King Eternal, to Thee we dedicate these beautiful young lives.

It is these memories that keep me sweet and strong: The scenery, the teachings, the visions, the ideals, the friendships of Camp, all are unforgettable remembrances to "Patches."

—AGNES HOWELL (*President White Birches.*)



WONDER how many wonderful things could be crowded into two short weeks? After my experience at Camp Miniwanca this past summer, I do not believe I could be surprised at any number. I am so glad to have an opportunity to tell the girls and fellows of America, through our Founders Four Folder, just a little bit about our Camp and why the remembrances of those two weeks will never be forgotten.

I suppose my first impression of the Camp was one of beauty, for after a "joggety, joggety" ride over a rough road in a small truck, girls piled two and three deep with all arms and legs hanging out over the sides, we crossed a little bridge to the Camp property and there was our beautiful Potawatamie Trail. Entirely shaded by trees and vines, with deep woods on either side, wound this sandy trail which was the road entrance to Miniwanca. And then, at the top of the trail, was a clear view of Lake Michigan—our lake with its deep bluish green water, white capped waves, against the palest blue sky.

What a great night was that first one in Camp. Meeting all the old friends and leaders and getting acquainted with the new ones, getting established in our new "homes," the first grand opening assembly, when the chiefs were appointed and every state sang its song, the first dip in icy cold Michigan, our Sunday morning bath in the community bath tub, and breakfast in the brand new eating lodge. Our informal outdoor class rooms and wonderful teachers—how could we Kiwadas ever forget the old bath house on the beach and the things we learned in our classes there.

Arbor Vitae Heights—our place of worship on the hill. I remember so well climbing up the sandy path, looking back at the sunset through the trees and then to the left at our little Stony Lake. And then, those three hundred girls sitting on the hillside, looking out over Lake Michigan, taking a few minutes to talk with God and finally listening to one of His leaders give His message to His young people. These hillside services hold first place in my memory and are the chief source of inspiration to Camp life.

A climb to old Baldy—Bacon, Bacon who's got the Bacon—All aboard for the Treasure Hunt—Council Circle—Dong! Dong! Everybody up! Here come the Ice Cream Angels and Sandwiches—Class Parties—Mystery Ramble—Mules Stampede—Grand Council—Stunts—Songs—Track Meet—Swimming Contest—"I want to be Happy"—Which was the most fun, girls? And, remember, *NO SOCIALIZING!*

The whole two weeks was summed up in one last remembrance—a half hour by myself to think it all over. I went down on the beach and sat in the

sand, listening to the waves beat against the shore and it was there that I tried to put together the meaning of the whole two weeks and just what they really did mean to me—what part were they going to play in my life and was it really worth while. And the only thing I can say, girls and fellows, is that CAMP MINIWANCA IS WORTH WHILE AND I AM SO HAPPY TO HAVE BEEN THERE.

—JESSIE NELSON POST (*President Kiwadass.*)



AN effort to enumerate a number of unforgettable camp incidents, I hardly know where to begin. I suppose the best place to start is the Minnesota delegation's advent into camp. Believe me, it was some journey. I thought we never would reach camp. Boy! that truck could travel fast (down hill). By the time we reached camp everyone was tired. And hungry! Say, we could have eaten anything anywhere. We got a good feed after we got to Miniwanca and in quick record too.

After a good night's sleep (I was so doggone cold that first night, I kept warm shivering), I felt fine and ready for anything.

I'll never forget the night of the endurance test, I mean the treasure hunt. The Crowfeet and the Dakotas were together. We hunted for the "Shack." We were down by the bridge on the north side of the creek, on the big dock. Billy Sunde yelled "I'm going down here," I looked around; I didn't see anyone but I heard a splash. I ran to the other side of the dock, and there was Billy standing in water and mud up over his knees. What mud and water he wasn't standing in he was wiping out of his eyes and spitting out of his mouth.



We fellows surely had some dandy council circles. One I'll always remember is the one that the "Horse Thief's" son danced the dance of seven veils in his pajumpers. That was a scream. I don't dare to commit myself further. Ask some boy camper. He is a second Gilder Gray, this dancing demon. It's a lucky thing for the fair sex he isn't a girl.

Well for the benefit of the girls "Flaming Youth" conquered the "Most August," meaning that the campers defeated the leaders in their annual ball game. The score was 7 to 1. Another incident I will long remember. It happened during the battle between the Riff and the Regal. Kicica spied "Red" trespassing in center field, and yelled: "Hey! Red, get out your compass and find your way off the diamond."

One very pleasant surprise I received was when "Hobe" Hill spoke at Hillside. I always thought of "Hobe" as an athlete, and a peach of a fellow

who all the fellows liked to study athletics under. I never thought of him as such a good speaker. He surely flung us a stirring challenge.

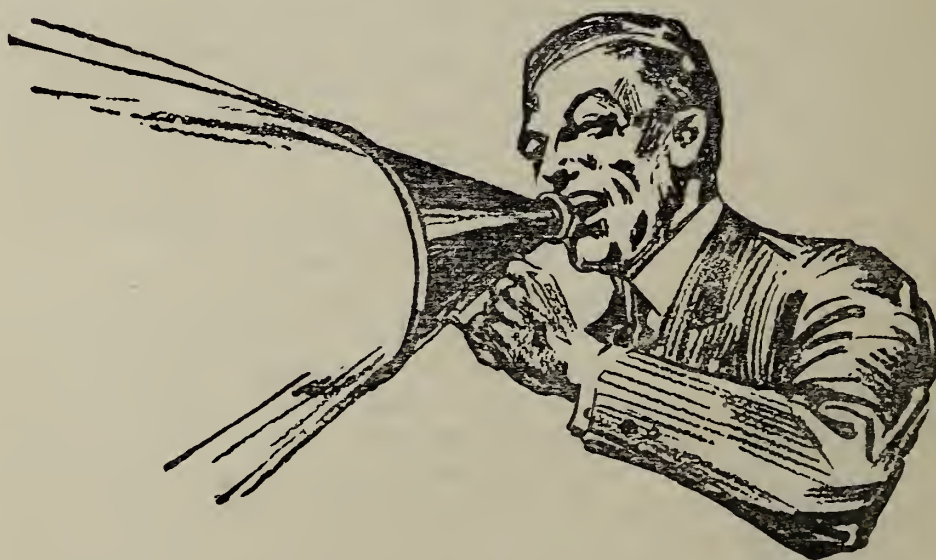
If there was anyone who didn't enjoy Hillside, he was mighty hard to please. I saw the most beautiful sunset I ever saw in my life up there. That certainly is a wonderful and sacred place. Words cannot describe it. I am glad the Adwos chose to equip that spot as a memorial.

Another interesting feature, was the way in which everyone pitched into everything.

All in all it was a glorious camp. One that will live in the memories forever of those who attended. I look forward to the time we can all be together again. I believe I could go on forever telling incidents about camp.

If there was anything we didn't have anything of, it was dull moments.
—RUDY BRANDMO (*President Adwos*).

The American Youth Foundation Announcing the Camp Conference Dates for 1926



Camp Merrowvista

Lost Brook Glen
on
Sentinel Mountain
Mountain View, N. H.

Older Boys —June 28 to July 12.
Older Girls (1.)—July 12 to July 26.
Older Girls (2.)—July 26 to Aug. 9.

Camp Miniwanca

Dune Forest
on
Stony Lake and Lake Michigan
Shelby, Michigan

Older Girls (1.)—July 26 to Aug. 9.
Older Girls (2.)—Aug. 9 to Aug. 23.
Older Boys —Aug. 23 to Sept. 6

See Announcement in this issue concerning
Young People's Leader Institute and Younger Boy and Girl Camps!

Chats With Dad

"Poet-Pictures of Founders"

"I lack a spiritual soldier, Thomas—

A man of this world and the next to boot." (*Tennyson*)

So spoke the King in the play, "Becket," in persuading his Chancellor to become the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Leadership so keen of insight that in its view of the material trinity of matter, force, and motion, it does not sacrifice its vision of the spiritual trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, is the crying need of our world today.

A true "spiritual soldier" of the church militant was Joseph Tuckerman, an obscure minister in Boston, whose scheme of neighborhood visitation, described in his epoch-marking pamphlet on "The Elevation of the Poor," was the first definite expression in America of religiously scientific welfare-work.



Dorothea Dix, a young woman of Channing's influential church, was the earliest to lead out in a thought-filled effort to rescue the insane from their customary degrading treatment.

A real fighter in the good fight of faith was Samuel Gridley Howe, the devoted friend of the great preacher, Theodore Parker and the Sir Galahad, as he was called, of modern Knighthood, dedicating the same courage of brotherhood which had inspired him to war with the Greeks against the Turks to the more daring, and as it seemed more hopeless, campaign for the education of the blind and the feeble-minded.

When the militant Apostle directed the "spiritual soldier" to put on the whole armor of God, he offered him but one offensive weapon. He might protect himself with the shield of faith and the helmet of salvation, but his attack must be made with the sword of the Spirit; and the sword of the Spirit says not, but morally persuades an enemy to change from a war to a peace footing.

Christ's Gospel must be accepted not only as the Jesus Way of Living an individual life but as the Jesus Way of Living *together*.

—R. A. W.

Friendly Appreciation



BEREA COLLEGE AND ALLIED SCHOOLS Berea, Kentucky

September 22, 1925.

The American Youth Foundation,
130 North Wells Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sirs:

We have had the privilege in the past two years of sending four of our students, two boys and two girls, to your summer camp. Each one of them has returned radiant from the encampment. Each one of them has taken active and earnest part in all the life of Berea. I am persuaded that the days spent in your camp will mean much not only to the students themselves, but to the life of the college which they have helped to enrich.

With every good wish, I am

Sincerely yours,

WM. J. HUTCHINS, *President.*



LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office, Boston

September 14, 1925.

Mr. W. H. Danforth,
The American Youth Foundation,
Central Ossipee, N. H.

Dear Mr. Danforth:

This is written by the man who drove into camp one night when you were giving the boys a talk out under the stars. You asked for the impressions of Mrs. Morris and myself and I here record them. The seclusion of the location of the camp affords a wonderful retreat in which to carry out a program without distractions. The beauty of the lake, the woods, and the hills cannot but im-

press the young men and young women with the loveliness of God's out-of-doors. Their minds should be very receptive to suggestions from without and to new-born ideas within pertaining to high standards of living, including the unselfish service of leadership in church activities. In short, these young people are ideally situated for the purposes of the Foundation. The leaders whom we met but briefly, impressed us as virile, wholesome men, men who know boys of that age sympathetically. We know Hayden Stright well and we like him much. In our own home church affairs I confess that at first Stright appeared to me to be a bit ahead of the parade, but I have come to realize that he was not too far in advance but that the parade was lagging! We heard snatches of two lectures and listened to the most of another. These three men of the faculty were impressive, they spoke authoritatively, and in no class room lecture have we ever before seen such rapt interest. In the Assembly Hall at the time of our morning visit we heard a talk on the life of Jesus, given by a swarthy fellow whose physical power excites admiration. There were thirty-four young men in the room. The speaker was talking about Jesus, the Leader, and this college professor in his matter of fact presentation certainly "reached" the minds and hearts of those young men.

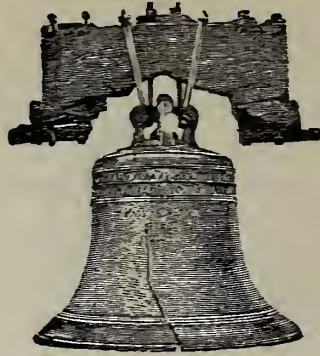
Our boy reports "I didn't know I could 'high jump' because I'd never tried it before and I got first in the 40 yard swim and third in the 100." We were pleased to find the plan of work so well balanced for, frankly, we anticipated that it would be about 85 per cent religious. After all it is 100 per cent religious for it is all development of the mind, the body, and the heart that God has given to each of us to use.

Seldom does a young man get into such a large group of fellows of his kind who are thinking out those same problems and when a growing boy becomes "group conscious" on those ideals of course he, as an individual, is greatly strengthened. Mrs. Morris and I feel that your investment of your thought, time, energy, and money in this venture cannot but bring handsome returns.

We are certainly under obligation to the sponsors for having our boy subjected to such wholesome influences, especially during his plastic period.

Yours very truly,

FRANK MORRIS.



*Worship, Deaths, Weddings and Births,
Await My Voice*



3657 Grand Ave., So.,
Minneapolis, Minn.,
September 10, 1925.

Dear Wadjepi:

Will you please enroll Katharine Dorothy
in the 1942 camp?

Give my love to Gashkiton and tell her
that if she wants to go to Florida now
I'll be glad to take care of her baby.
I know one or two things more about it now.

Say "hello" to Dad and Kinji for me and
tell them to pass a "hello" on to their
families.

Sincerely yours,
Alice "Billie" Hermann Edblom.



"Haven't any teeth,
'Nd not much hair,
Can't walk, can't talk,
'T don't seem fair,
But Father seems to need me,
Mother says she'll feed me,
So I don't care."

The most I know about baby
tending is three perfectly simple
rules:

1. Scrub 'em
2. Eat 'em
3. Sleep 'em

—KATHARINE'S MAMA

Special Nuptials at Merrowvista



We are sending this to only a few of our special friends. Instead of a formal invitation, it is just to say we want you at our wedding if you can possibly come.

We are to be married at 10 a. m. on Monday, August 24th, at Camp Ossippe, Mountain View, N. H. Some of our good friends will be there. They will arrive by auto, rail, boat or airplane, and we do hope you too can come. See, here is the map—only 100 miles of fine road from Boston.

After some weeks, we expect to reappear in St. Louis, and begin to pay taxes, vote and live in hope of a visit from you at our new home [which we haven't bought or rented as yet].

Blissfully,
LOTTIE MAY BOSE
GRAHAM PORTER

It happened as scheduled under the Birches at Merrowvista.
—The Editor.



Kinji reports being the first guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Porter on the evening of October seven. He says, "the dinner was excellent, the new home cozy and the new homemakers very happy." Incidentally the conversation—"the flow of wit" and the spill of wisdom was so fascinating that the Groom had to step on the gas to get Kinji to the Midnight Special, Chicago bound. The new home is 4931 Laclede Street, St. Louis.



A FEW weeks ago Kinji, Dad and I had a little confab on our plans for the Four-Folder for this year and it there and then was decreed by majority vote that from this time on, I should have a column for the Four-Folder to be known as Wadjepi's Column, or some such name as that. When I left the office last evening Kinji, said to me, "Now don't forget to send me your *Stuff*, right away quick," and I replied, "Sure, I'll do that right away quick," so, I right away quick up and forgot all about it till just a moment ago.

As I was riding along on the Pennsylvania Limited, hitting a sixty mile pace through the Pennsylvania hills, I suddenly spied through the window a farmer lady, who was out behind the woodshed with her little boy, and they sure were having an interesting time. You know, she had the poor little thing by the legs and she held it up till only its head dragged on the ground and she was plucking the feathers right out of its little body; but, of course, such things have to be done if we insist on having chicken for dinner. Then I said to myself, "Now that reminds me of something, but what is it?" Funny how one's mind works, isn't it, and then I said, "Oh, I know; the chief will pluck the feathers out of your hide if you don't rush that article back to him right away." Now, isn't that funny? Of course, you all know that I don't have feathers, that is real feathers to pluck, but there's no accounting for the workings of the law of association so click goes the machinery and click, I see the farmer's wife plucking feathers and click I think of this column. That's what I call system. Think of it "barnyard." farmer's wife, spring chicken, feathers, write article. Talk about evolving something out of nothing. Trying to get a lesson out of all this, I would say give your mind a chance, and it will lead you—somewhere.

Well, now, I'll tell you what we'll do next. We'll have a little

contest. You know, I'm stuck on what, in the world, to name this column. It's got to have a name, of course, it can't be a poor nameless orphant that's all there is to it. Everybody else has a name for his column, so we've just got to have a name for this column too. So we'll have a contest. First prize is a nice cream cone—sure; there'll be some nice cream in it. Second prize will be another nice cream cone, and third prize will be (ha, ha, I fooled you that time, didn't I) you thought I was going to say another nice cream cone, didn't you?—well, I was, but, since then I changed my mind) and the third prize will be a baby grand piano—only there ain't gonna be no third prize. Well, we're off on the contest. Send your suggestions to me right away, and give your reasons for making your suggestion and maybe you'll win—who knows. Make it short and snappy with lots of life in it. You know!



Well, it was a great summer wasn't it? Did you ever see such a crazy gang, when it comes to appreciation of the camp locations? Why if I had kept a record of all the exclamations of delight that constantly rippled through the camps, I could write a new book, which I would name "A complete handbook of new and original ecstatic exclamations." The one big criticism which was made to me, so far as advance publicity is concerned was, "Wadjepi, you're a bum press agent—you didn't half tell us of the beauties of this camp." Well,

what in the world can a fellow do when his vocabulary fails and his pen has exhausted itself?

Hardly had the campers returned to their homes when letters began to pour in, asking for the privilege of registering friends. One Merrowvista girl wrote "There's going to be a big crowd from this town at Merrowvista next year. I have one girl that I want to register now and I know definitely of three other girls who have been lined up by other campers." On the basis of this year's registrations the Foundation Camps are 80% registered for the season of 1926. The time to reserve places for friends is now. Applications go into the accepted files in order received. One application

card and one dollar advance fee clinches your place. Get your name on the honor roll by registering before January 1st, and that's all for this time. Only don't forget to drop me a card at once with your suggested name for this column.

Always,
—WADJEPI. (*P. G. Orwig*)

105 Logan St., Merrill, Wis.,
October 7, 1925.

Dear Wadjepi,

I'm lonesome for the Folder,
That always makes me bolder,
When I read of all the folks
I've known of yore.
There is dear old Kinjigissis
And Dad Waite I love to pieces,
Minisino and Wadjepi
And some more.

There are leaders, there are campers,
That are just a cuttin' capers,
Our Kodaya and Wahoda
And Kicica and some more
Send me then the good Four-Folder,
Help me grow a little bolder,
And I'll never turn such blessing
From my door.

Very sincerely,

"Raggedy Ann" (*Rennetta Meyer*)

P. S.—Enclosed, please find fifty cents!

The Founders Four-Folder

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Enclosed find \$0.50 covering my subscription to The Founders Four Folder,

Name.....

Address.....
(Give full mailing address)

FOUNDERS' ENROLLMENT BLANK

I attended the Older Boys—Girls Camp-Conference in.....(year), and want to help perpetuate the type of Four-fold life training that I received in camp, by registering as a Founder in the Christian Leadership Training Division of

THE AMERICAN YOUTH FOUNDATION

My Founder contribution will be:

(By checking any one, or all of the following items, you will be enrolled as a Founder of The American Youth Foundation and will receive a handsome Founders' Certificate. (Note.—New Founders of 1925 will use this same registration form.)

- ☐ Registering personally in the Foundation Camps of 1925.
- ☐ Contributing personally, and interesting friends to contribute to the support of the work of The American Youth Foundation.
- ☐ Serving as a personal representative of The American Youth Foundation in my community in the important work of selecting outstanding older boys and girls to attend the American Youth Foundation Camp-Conferences.
- ☐ Serving as a leader in The American Youth Foundation Camp-Conferences.

Signed.....

Address.....
(Give full mailing address)

CAMP APPLICATION

—THE FOUNDERS' CAMPS—

1601 Peoples Life Bldg.

130 N. Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.

Wm. H. Danforth, *President*

Walter Scott Athearn, *Vice-President*

Lansing F. Smith, *Treasurer*



John L. Alexander, *Director*

P. G. Orwig, *Associate Director*

R. A. Waite, *Associate Director*

I herewith make application for enrollment in The American Youth Foundation Older..... (Boys' or Girls') Camp-Conference for the season of....., subject to all conditions of the Camp management. Enclosed find \$1.00 covering advance registration fee. Balance of registration fee (\$2.00) to be paid when requested.

Name.....

(Print Letters)

Street..... Father's (or mother's)

Address..... Initials.....

City..... State or Province.....

Age..... last birthday, month..... day.....

Recommended by.....

Signature and position of guarantor

If applicant has not yet subscribed for THE FOUNDERS FOUR-FOLDER, enclose additional \$0.50 to cover subscription. Make all checks and money orders payable to The American Youth Foundation.

THE AMERICAN YOUTH FOUNDATION

Camp-Conference Trophies

1925 Winners

THE TRIBAL SHIELDS

Miniwanca Girls	- - - - -	Susquehannas
Miniwanca Boys	- - - - -	Susquehannas
Merrowvista Boys	- - - - -	Senecas
Merrowvista Girls	- - - - -	Mohawks

THE STATE SHIELDS

Miniwanca Boys	- - - - -	Illinois
Miniwanca Girls	- - - - -	Illinois
Merrowvista Girls	- - - - -	Pennsylvania
Merrowvista Boys	- - - - -	New Jersey

